

TWO BOYS WERE VICTIMS OF PINE CREEK THURSDAY

MT. MORRIS AND FORRESTON HOMES SADDENED BY TRAGEDY AT THE PINES

PARENTS SAW TRAGEDY

Fourth of July was a tragic holiday for the parents of Irving Dewall, aged 15, of Forreston, and Edward Hohlen, aged 14, of Mt. Morris, for the two lads were drowned in Pine Creek at the Pines at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The boys had gone to the resort with their parents to spend the day picnicking, and had gone wading in the creek. Suddenly the pleasure-seekers in the park were startled by cries from one of the boys and as they looked they saw both sink into a hole in the stream.

Although adults rushed to their aid they were too late, for both lads were dead before their bodies were taken from the water. A pulmotor was secured from Oregon as soon as possible after the tragedy, but it was unavailing. The remains of the little victims were taken to Mt. Morris, where an inquest was held this forenoon.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF MISS GERTRUDE HILL HELD THIS MORNING

PRIVATE SERVICES WERE HELD AT HOME OF HER BROTHER IN ROCKFORD.

BURIAL WAS AT OAKWOOD

Remains Were Brought to Dixon By Automobile—Brothers Acted as the Pallbearers.

Private funeral services for Miss Gertrude Hill, former Dixon lady, who passed away at Rockford on Wednesday morning, were held at 8 o'clock this morning at the home of her brother, C. E. Hill of Rockford. Rev. Charles Parker Connolly of the Church of the Christian Union officiated. The funeral party drove overland to this city, arriving here at about noon, and went direct to Oakwood cemetery, where Dr. F. D. Altman had charge of the interment services. Her brothers acted as pall bearers here.

Honorary pall bearers at Rockford were Misses Czarina Giddings, Florence Carpenter, Florence Foster, Minnie Langwill, Frances Walker and Hazel Putnam. Active pall bearers were C. P. Briggs, assistant superintendent of schools; Frank J. Winters, boys' athletic director; John T. Haight, band leader and head of the commercial department; Wm. Haupt, head of the manual training department; Dr. C. J. Sowell, director of military training; and Roy L. Kittle, also of the high school faculty.

Concerning her passing the Rockford Register-Gazette of Wednesday said: Miss Hill has resided in Rockford nine years and during that interval, through her work in physical training, had endeavored herself to the work of the city. She came in contact with thousands of young women and her teachings and guidance of girls of school age will perpetuate her memory for years to come.

As director of physical training for girls at the high school, she became the intimate of many and was beloved by all of them.

Aided in Circle Work. Beside her regular school duties, Miss Hill engaged in Y. W. C. A. work, park work during the summer months. She was active in making the historical pageant of a few years past, given by the high school senior class, the success that it proved to be. Her position in high school life will be a hard one to fill.

She made her home at 315 North Court street, with a brother, C. E. Hill of Swift & Co.; a sister and a brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lindstrom, and a sister, Miss Glad Hill, a trained nurse. Her father, George W. Hill, is a justice of the peace at Dixon; Arthur G. Hill, a brother, is in the Dixon postoffice; Elmer P. Hill and George M. Hill are with the Capital Engraving Co. at Springfield and Ruverside Furniture Co. of this city respectively.

Miss Hill taught in Carlton, Minn., and Dixon colleges before coming to Rockford in 1909. She received her training at Northwestern university, where she attended two years, and finished her course at Dr. Sargent's School of Physical Education at Boston, Mass. She was reared in Dixon, Ill.

FARMERS SAW DEMONSTRATION

A large number of farmers of this vicinity witnessed the plowing demonstration by the Fordson tractor at the Carson farm east of this city this afternoon, and all were greatly surprised at the amount of work the little machine accomplished. Another demonstration has been arranged by Nettz & Co. at the same place tomorrow afternoon.

LICENSED TO WED

Marriage licenses were issued on Wednesday to Herbert Andrews and Miss Hulda Swanson and Percy O. Heckman and Miss Anna F. Altenderfer, all of Dixon.

TWO ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT

A sequel to the alleged assault on Paul Abbe for reported anti-American remarks, which officials have failed to substantiate, will be heard in Magistrate Kent's court on next Thursday when Ora Hilderman and Simon Eastman, who are charged with having assaulted the boy, will be placed on trial. Warrants were served on the two late Wednesday afternoon and they were released on bonds of \$400.

VAST CROWD AT ROCKFORD BADE ADIEU TO 86TH

OVER 100,000 PERSONS VISITED CAMP GRANT TO VISIT THE BLACKHAWK DIV.

BAKER BIDS GODSPEED

Great Parade, Speech By Secretary of War and Boxing Bouts During Day.

Camp Grant, Ill., July 4.—Secretary of War Baker and 100,000 relatives and friends of the 86th division bade adieu to the members of the Blackhawk fighters today in one of the greatest demonstrations in the state's history.

Hanging to the ropes in the ring of the great arena in the big cantonment, with the surrounding hills hid by khaki, and where a few minutes exchanging blows with the best Canadian national army champions were adieu could send with puffed mitts, the secretary declared:

"In speaking to you I am speaking to the 2,500,000 men who comprise the army of the United States today."

He told them that the principles of liberty and freedom count for more than anything else and that whatever the cost and sacrifice it must be made.

The soldiers sat attentively while he added his final adieu: "We can't all be at the pier to welcome you when you return victorious," he declared, "but while you are in France believe me that the heart of your country will be with you."

"I wish you a safe journey. I envy you the privilege of comradeship with the brave allies with whom you will fight. I know of the heroism with which you will meet the struggle. You will add new beauties and glories to the final element of strength of the people of the world and put an end to autocracy."

The war secretary's appearance in the ring came in the middle of the afternoon. Before it the great crowd which had accumulated in Rockford since the night before had poured into the cantonment grounds by jitney, on foot, by every means conceivable of ingress. The tremendous heat—it was the hottest day of the year—and the dust was not enough to deter enthusiasm. Even the impossibilities of Rockford's transportation system were ineffectual as a damper.

The big camp was turned over to the "Blackhawkers" to entertain their guests.

They started it off with a tremendous parade. Seven in the morning saw the 86th and Camp Grant organizations, approximately 40,000 men, parading from the cantonment to Rockford, and four hours later saw them return. In Rockford this great procession was reviewed by Gen. C. H. Martin and staff and a group of distinguished guests.

What the proud crowd which hugged the line of march thought of the boys found expression in the arranged statement of Federal Judge K. M. Landis, who was one of the guests of honor.

Just to think that some of these boys have only been here a few weeks, why every one of them is a wonderful soldier. It's truly marvelous," said the judge.

Sandwiched in during the day was hair raising broncho busting by the cowboys and greasers and Indians who "whip" Grant's horses into line, baseball, and sports of all kinds. Topping off the evening was Rockford's Illinois centennial pageant on the hillside near the boxing arena, in which 1,000 citizens of Rockford participated. Starting with 9 o'clock was a tremendous display of fire works and military aerial activity, centering at five points in the heart of the camp.

PROMINENT DOCTOR BORN HERE, IS DEAD

DR. WM. MYERS, A NOTED MILWAUKEE PHYSICIAN, VICTIM OF PNEUMONIA

(Special to TELEGRAPH) Milwaukee, July 5.—Dr. Albert William Myers, a prominent physician of this city, passed away Tuesday evening at his home here, death resulting from pneumonia. Dr. Myers was born in Dixon in 1872. He graduated from Pennsylvania Medical University in 1896 and came to Milwaukee 19 years ago. He was an instructor in the Marquette University of Medicine and was Chief of Dispensary Staff of the Milwaukee Infants' and Children's hospital. He also had a very large private practice. He leaves a widow.

PRESIDENT WILSON DELIVERS ANSWER OF UNITED STATES TO LATEST GERMAN FEELER

Washington, July 5.—President Wilson yesterday answered all feelers for a compromise peace, with a new and unqualified consecration of America to the struggle for cleaning military autocracy from the earth.

At an Independence day gathering on the gentle slopes of Mount Vernon, home and tomb of George Washington and surrounded by scenes which looked upon the creation of this nation, the president addressed a small gathering of officials and diplomats of the allied nations.

But he spoke to the world and he spoke the logical sequel to his "force without limit or stint" declaration of several weeks ago.

Unreservedly the president declared that there could be no thought of a peace which did not mean the destruction of military autocracy or its reduction to virtual impotence.

"A reign of law, based on the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind" was the way he summarized it a single sentence the objects of humanity in the world war.

Whether the president was addressing his remarks directly to the recent speech of German Foreign Secretary Von Kuehlmann, or to the foreshadows of a renewed German peace offensive, or whether he merely took the occasion of the celebration of American independence to emphasize to the world the war aims of the nation can only be divined. He did not deal with the progress of the war or any particular phase of it but he spoke eloquently of America's attitude toward Germany's so-called peace treaties in the east by grouping the people of Russia "for the moment unorganized and helpless" among the peoples of the world standing against the enemies of liberty.

"The past and the present are in deadly grapple and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them," said President Wilson.

But One Issue. "There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

1. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world, or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to virtual impotence.

2. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

3. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct towards each other by the same principles of honor and respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relation with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

4. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

The president's speech in full was as follows: "Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps and My Fellow Citizens: I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when Gen. Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a great nation. From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past of which the men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It is a place of great achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was given plan and reality here. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiring associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies about us and should conceive anew the purposes of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting afoot—that Washington and his associates, like the barons of Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people. It has been left to us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking, not of themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little group of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south of her, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They desired no private privilege. They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them, do we not? We intend what they intended. We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planned. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our estimable privilege to concert with men of every nation what shall make not only the liberties of America secure but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must be settled once for all what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw today. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act. This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world—not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others also who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races in every part of the still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters

of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of governments who speak no common purpose but only selfish ambitions of their own by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; governments which fear their people and yet are for the time their sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power, governments clothed with the strange trappings and primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The Past and the Present are in deadly grapple and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

1. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world, or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to virtual impotence.

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These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is world—the people of stricken Russia the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends can be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces with the great primary against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as revolt against its rightful authority but which has long since seemed to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States and I stand here now to speak—to speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of—forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again—for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph."

EVANGELICAL TEAM ON TOP

The Evangelical church baseball team went into a tie with the Presbyterians for the lead of the church league by winning from the Lutherans at the North Dixon school diamond Wednesday evening, score 28 to 18. The Episcopal and Baptist-Christian teams will meet at the same diamond at 6:30 o'clock this evening.

BIRTH RECORD.

A nine-pound son was born this morning to Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Walters, 60 Van Buren ave.

DAUGHTER BORN

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hatton at the Dixon hospital this morning.

THE WEATHER

Friday, July 5. By Associated Press Leased Wire. Illinois: Generally fair tonight and Saturday; cooler tonight in north and central portions, and near Lake Michigan Saturday.

FORD STOLEN AT MENDOTA

The Dixon police were notified during the night of the theft of a Ford automobile from the streets of Mendota between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening. No license number was given by the Mendota authorities, who described the car as a 1918 model touring car with wine-colored body and black running gear.

BRITISH DELIVER TELLING BLOW AT GERMANS THURSDAY

MORE THAN 1300 PRISONERS TAKEN IN SOME AREAS YESTERDAY—MANY GUNS

FINLAND TO ENTER WAR?

Finland Expected To Declare War Against Allied Nations At Any Time.

By Associated Press Leased Wire. London, July 5.—More than 1300 prisoners were taken by the British yesterday in their operations in the Somme area. In addition to one field gun, 100 machine guns and a number of trench mortars were captured.

A German counter attack last night against the British positions in the Alsine regions, east of the village of Hamel, was repulsed. German prisoners were left in our hands.

Expect Firms To War. By Associated Press Leased Wire. Stockholm, July 5.—At editorial offices here a declaration of war by Finland against the entente nations is expected any hour.

French Were Active. Paris, July 5.—French patrols were active last night in many sectors from Picardy to Lorraine. A number of prisoners were taken by raiding detachments.

Fourth Was Quiet. By Associated Press Leased Wire.

With the American Army in France, July 5—Thursday, July 4, was unusually quiet and was normally inactive in the sectors occupied by the American troops from Woerwo to the Swiss border. Even the artillery and air services were less busy than usual. Clouds and poor visibility hampered activities.

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN ASSAULT ON GIRL TO SCAFFOLD THIS MORNING

FT. DODGE DIVISION WITNESSES HANGING OF CONVICTED NEGRO TROOPERS.

SOME WITNESSES FAINT

Execution Carried Out After President Approved Finding of the Court.

By Associated Press Leased Wire. Fort Dodge, Ia., July 5.—Three negro selective service men from Alabama, convicted of "assault and outrage" on a 17 year old girl, on the cantonment grounds July 24, were hanged here today with a ritual by the entire division witness the execution. President Wilson had reviewed and approved the finding of the court.

The three traps were sprung at 9:09 this morning and death was almost instantaneous. The negroes marched to the scaffold singing "God Have Mercy on My Soul."

Three negro soldiers among the spectators fainted when the men were dropped, and another ran amuck. He started on a dead run directly for the scaffold, but was overpowered by the guards. One white soldier also fainted. Newspaper men were the only civilians admitted. Every soldier in the division not assigned to other duty was ordered to attend the execution, and thousands of them were massed about the scaffold when the traps were sprung.

Four negroes were arrested on the morning after the assault, which occurred before midnight on May 24. One of the suspects was acquitted.

With a young soldier escort, the girl was sitting on a hillside where four negroes approached. One of them represented himself as a military police, and struck the girl's escort a blow on the head. He negroes then dragged the girl to a nearby clump of bushes. The girl, who was from Des Moines, was in a serious condition after the attack, but has since recovered.

CAMPMEETING SUNDAY

The choir and orchestra of the Dixon Methodist church will have charge of the music at Franklin Grove next Sunday. It will be Dixon Day. Let everyone who finds it possible attend. Dr. John Thompson will preach in the afternoon. He is one of Methodism's greatest men. You should hear his message. The campmeeting comes to a close Sunday evening.

THE METHODIST

There will be services morning and evening at the Methodist church. In the morning Dr. Lumsden will have for his subject "Sunset Randerer," and in the evening "A Camp Grant Message." This last subject camp by the way of the great Fourth of July celebration in Rockford. We do well to keep the home fires burning. We give you a cordial welcome and promise you a helpful service. There will be no Epworth League.

CELEBRATE 4TH IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO PEOPLES OF WORLD ENDORSED BY WASHINGTON TODAY.

WAR AIM STATEMENT

Republican Leader In House Calls the President an Ideal Spokesman.

By Associated Press Leased Wire

Washington, July 5.—H. T. call to the peoples of the world to adopt the American Declaration of Independence and the reiteration of American purpose to permit "no compromise" in the issues now at stake, made by President Wilson in his Fourth of July address at Mt. Vernon, was endorsed today by officials and diplomats here.

The statement by President Wilson that "no half-way decision is tolerable nor conceivable" many officials believe will have the important effect of forestalling another "peace offensive" by Germany, rumors of which have been in the allied capitals for several weeks.

The Mt. Vernon address, it was pointed out by some officials, while not so specific as many of his previous speeches, constitutes in many ways the most forceful and clear-cut statement of allied war aims the president has given.

In House Record. President Gillett of Massachusetts, acting republican leader of the house moved that President Wilson's speech of yesterday be inserted in the house record. Speaking of the speech Representative Gillett said, "It is demonstrated again that the President is the ideal spokesman for the American people."

Would Celebrate 4th.

Messages received from various parts of the world telling of the celebration of the Fourth of July and conveying congratulations on the anniversary of the United States, were made public by the state department today. Notable among them was one from the Allies club, Saltillo, Mex., which was sent to the American consul at Piedras Negras, which read as follows: "All business houses except Germans closed today in honor of your country." Accept congratulations.

In South America

By Associated Press Leased Wire. Buenos Aires, July 4.—The Fourth of July is being celebrated throughout South America today in an unprecedented manner.

YOUNG MOTHER AND TWINS ARE CALLED

MRS. CHESTER ECHTERNACH, WELL KNOWN HERE, DIED AT BOONE, IOWA.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Chester Echternach of Boone, Ia., babies on Wednesday and both she and the twins died. Mr. and Mrs. Jarred Dixon friends yesterday. Mrs. Echternach gave birth to twin boys yesterday, the bereaved husband's parents, and his sister, Miss Harriet Echternach of Sterling, left for Boone at once. His other sister, Mrs. Elsie also of Sterling, goes tomorrow. The funeral will be held at the late home at 2:30 Sunday afternoon.

CLIFFE-M'CORMICK MEETING WAS HUGE SUCCESS YESTERDAY

GREAT CROWD AT FRANKLIN GROVE TO HEAR POPULAR STATESMAN TALK.

The auditorium at the Franklin Grove Campmeeting grounds was packed yesterday afternoon to hear Senator Adam C. Cliffe of Sycamore and Congressman-at-Large Medill McCormick.

Senator Cliffe opened his address by saying that he brought to the people of Franklin Grove the greetings of the great war governor of Illinois, Frank O. Lowden, and he read part of Governor Lowden's Fourth of July proclamation, which was printed in Wednesday's TELEGRAPH.

Senator Cliffe's address was a stirring appeal to the patriotism of his hearers.

Congressman McCormick, who is a candidate for United States Senator, held his audience enthralled. When he was introduced the great crowd rose to its feet and greeted him enthusiastically, and there were many demonstrations of enthusiasm during the course of his address.

The Ogles county man's talk was chiefly along the lines of what he saw and heard when he visited the European battle fronts recently. After the meeting Senator Cliffe and Congressman McCormick went to DeKalb, where they were to speak last evening.

GERMAN LUTHERAN Rev. G. A. Graf, Pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. No other services here. Services at Franklin Grove, 10:30.



Minnows Are Good to Eat.

A correspondent asks—Are the little fishes called minnows good to eat?—We do not know of any reason why they should not be edible. They are of cleanly habits, free from impurities, and though small, quite meaty. Old Isaac Walton in his Angler describes the minnows and says: "In the spring they make of them excellent minnow tansies, for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use, that is being fried with yolks of eggs. The flowers of cowslips and of primroses and a little tansy thus used, they make a dainty bit of meat." The popular English dish of whitebait is much like minnows, but its edibility all depends on its preparation and manner of cooking. The minnow should not be despised as an article of food merely because it is so small. What Isaac Walton called a tansy was an old-fashioned name of a little stew, or meat pie.—Exchange.

Long and Short Falls.

In one Kansas City building, the elevator boy who works mornings is very short, and the one who is on afternoons is very tall. When the short one comes up into view, he says "Watch your step," and you step out and down, although the floor is more frequently up. Consequently, you stab your toe and lose your dignity. Then about noon, the tall boy looms up. He says "Watch your step," and your sense of distances tells you the step is up. You raise your foot up, and fall down, crashing into the back of the car, provided some delicate old lady isn't in the way. Altogether, the variety of boys is very annoying to a man with a lame, stiff knee.—Kansas City Star.

Some Notable Dignitaries.

Somewhere in the wilds of Afghanistan there is an ameer who boasts of as many high dignities as there are days in the year, among them being: "The Sovereign of the Universe, whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star, a king as spiritual as a wall is round, who, when he rises, shades all his people, and from under whose feet a sweet odor is wafted." But perhaps the most remarkable title any monarch was ever proud to own was borne by the king of Monomotapa, whose praises were sung by his court poets and musicians as "Lord of the Sun and Moon, Great Magician and Great Thief."

Progress of Civilization.

The insane asylum as it exists today is a modern institution. Time was when people whose minds were distraught were permitted to mix with the world except when they developed violent symptoms making them obviously dangerous, and then they were confined, sometimes in chains, as if they were wild beasts, with no provision for medical attendance and physical comfort such as society accords them now. The modern attitude toward the problem of the community's responsibility for the care of the insane attests the growth of human feeling and marks the progress of civilization.



We feel proud of the reputation for fair dealing that we have established in this community. If you call upon us to conduct a funeral you can feel assured that every appointment and every arrangement will meet your approval.

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Average Man Is Honest.

A banker who, for the first time in his life, has come into intimate contact with poverty-stricken folk, says: "The average man wants only half a chance to be honest. This is a thing worth learning. But it did not require visits to the slums to find it out. A little thought would have served as well. The mass of people is constituted of average men. The mass has the power to do whatever it wills to do. It could, if it wished, rise in the night and strip the rich bare, and, since it is the mass that represents the majority will, it could, so far as law is concerned, go unpunished. But the average man is honest. The mass wants nothing of bloodshed and robbery. Those who possess are safe from those who have nothing. Our banker friend who visited Poverty Row used his eyes. His remark shows that, for most of his years, he hadn't, on this particular subject, used his brains.—Toledo Blade.

Captain Was Young Woman.

There was, in the early days of the last century, a certain Captain Alexander, attached to the Russian Royal Uhlans. The captain's name was really Nadeshda Durova, and "he" was a young woman who, at the age of sixteen, had enlisted in a Cossack regiment. Nadeshda fought at Gustadt in 1807, where she routed a party of French dragons, and carried a wounded officer away on her horse. She was wounded at Smolensk and Borodino, and took part in the harrying of the grand army in its retreat from Moscow. The Russian emperor, Alexander, was privy to the secret of her sex, and it was by his instructions that she was always treated at court as captain in the Royal Uhlans. Nadeshda retired from military service at the age of twenty-five, and assumed the role, more appropriate to her sex, of a writer of romances.

Few Specials for SATURDAY Cash and Carry Prices

Sweet Pickled Side Pork, lb.	33c
Dixie Bacon squares	23c
Home pickled shoulders	39c
Beef Roasts lb.	28c
Pork Roasts	25c
Home-made pork sausage, no cereal, per lb.	27c
Home made bologna, no cereals	28c
Fresh Hog Liver, lb.	9c
Spare ribs, 2 lbs.	35c
Hamburger steak, per lb.	27c
Fresh Beef Tongues, lb.	27c
Hearts, per lb.	16c
Beef liver, per lb.	17c
Pickled pig's feet, lb.	16c
Smoked pork butts, no bone, lb.	37c
Dressed Chickens.	

GROCERY SPECIALS

1-lb. can steel cut Coffee, 35c value for	27c
Best Navy Beans	15c
Noodles, Spaghetti and Macaroni	9c
Fancy 1-lb. tall can Red Salmon	25c
Pimento Salad Dressing	15c
Best quality rice, lb.	11c
Armour's Very Best and Border's Peerless milk, 3 for 25c	
Chicken and Vegetable soup, can	11c
Bulk Pickles and Olives—Good Fresh Stock	
Deliveries All Over Town	

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PHONE 305

Ask Your Banker.

Everyone should strive to have a bank account, especially every man and boy, be it ever so small. One loses nothing in the esteem of his employer and friends by being seen going into or coming out of a bank. Neither does the individual lose any self-respect by being seen at a bank counter, which is more than can be said of some places. There are plenty of good banks; pick out one and stick to it; and when you are tempted to invest in some alluring get-rich-quick scheme, go to your banker and ask his advice. It will not cost you anything to do this, and may save you a loss you cannot afford. It may safely be assumed that if this course were pursued by all of us the money sunk in swindles, fake schemes and impossible enterprises would be reduced to a point where it actually would not pay to make the attempt. Before investing, ask your banker.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Historical Precedent.

The American Indian of the dime-novel period practiced camouflage regularly, says the Christian Science Monitor. Frequently he played the role of a bush while stealing up, at nightfall, upon the paleface. Clumps of foliage, it will be recalled, were often found by the eagle-eyed hunter to have moved during the night. One Buckskin Hank of the Rosebud, on entering what he supposed to be a grove of young cottonwoods, found himself surrounded by a band of Comanches, who, throwing off their disguise, rushed upon him! At this moment, however, three tall oaks hard by fell upon the redskins and rescued him. The tall oaks, it is unnecessary to say, were Buckskin's trusty companions, who, suspecting the artifice of the Comanches, had beaten them at their own game.

How Many Wives Enjoy the 3 R's

The 3 R's are
Rest
Reading
Recreation

and unless a woman has modern time savers to help her do housework, she is chained to the home like a slave of all-work. One of the greatest boons to a woman is



It glides lightly and quickly across carpets and rugs, beating, sweeping and suction cleaning as it passes—this dislodges imbedded grit, picks up stubbornest-clinging litter and removes it all without raising dust. Cleaning done in no time. Many minutes saved to enjoy the "3 R's."

\$5

down a little each month for a short while. Begin now to save hours of back breaking work weekly! Only the Hoover has a Beating-Sweeping Brush. The motor revolves it over 1,000 times a minute. Other cleaners use push-broom brushes, or ordinary carpet sweeper brushes. It's simply impossible for them to GET ALL THE DIRT like the Hoover does. Let us prove it.

Illinois Northern Utilities Co.

Hotel Atlantic
Clark near Jackson Boulevard
Chicago
450 Rooms \$1.50 up
With Bath—\$2.00 up

Morrison Hotel
Clark and Madison Streets
CHICAGO

"In the Heart of the Loop"

"The Hotel of Perfect Service"

Personal Management of HARRY C. MOIR

When My Lady Travels

SHE wants that sense of security; of attentiveness; of unembarrassing guidance, that is an especial feature of Morrison service to women who make this hotel their headquarters for shopping, theatre, or business excursions to Chicago.

A housekeeper is in charge of every floor of the 21 stories; bath and circulating ice water in every room; exquisitely tasteful room furnishings whether you pay \$2 or more.

Terrace Garden, Chicago's Wonder Restaurant, is the home of the latest Musical Hits, together with its marvelous Ice Carnival.

Your Money Transactions

Can be safely handled through this bank with the aid of a Checking Account, which has become a necessity to everyone as business is done today!

This bank is strong, its service prompt, its facilities excellent.

Let us add your name to its growing list of depositors.

Make This Bank Your Bank

We pay 3% interest on savings and certificates of deposit.

City National Bank

W. C. DURKES, Pres. JOHN L. DAVIES, Cashier
O. J. DOWNING, Vice-Pres. WM. FRYE, Asst. Cashier

A Sermon in Stone.
O'Brien (the marble cutter).—"What a fool I was! If I hadn't overcharged Kelly's widow for his tombstone, she would never have married me for my money."—Town Topics.

What They Ask.
There's no objection to a fellow losing his heart, but nine times out of ten his close friends and confidants would be much obliged to him if he'd refrain from losing his mind at the same time.—Macon Telegraph.

Coal Fields of United States.
The United States has an area of more than 440,000 square miles of coal fields, enough fuel to make a ring around the earth 5 1/2 feet thick and 5 1/2 feet wide.

United States Tires are Good Tires



War Has Multiplied the Value of Good Tires

Never were cars so necessary—both in business and domestic life.

Never was their continuous and economical use so imperative.

Never was freedom from tire trouble and tire expense so absolutely essential.

The rapidly growing demand for United States Tires prove their war-time worth.

Thousands of motorists each week are turning to United States Tires to

get dependability and economy.

United States Tires last longest and carry you farthest at least cost.

They enable you to make the most of your car—passenger or commercial—now, when it is more than ever a vital war-time necessity.

There is a United States Tire for every possible need.

Our nearest Sales and Service Depot will tell you which ones you should have.

We know United States Tires are good Tires. That's why we sell them.

Roy E. Barron, Harry I. Hintz, Dixon, Ill.; E. L. Crawford, Nachusa.

HOTEL New SOUTHERN

Michigan Boulevard at 13th Street
CHICAGO

One and one-half blocks from Central Station—terminal of Illinois Central, Big Four and Michigan Central Lines

To both business men and tourists the New Southern offers instead of showy luxury, cheery comfort, true hospitality and efficient service. The rates at the New Southern are moderate; and on incidentals you will save money at every turn.

Room with detached shower \$1.00 a day
Room with private bath \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day; for two persons \$2.50 to \$5.00
Running water and circulating ice water in all of the 300 rooms

The New Southern cuisine maintains a high standard, yet the prices are very reasonable. Meals served in the Cafe, the Grill, or in the Coffee Shop L. C. PRANZ, Pres. and Mgr.

Old Southern Hospitality In New Southern Hotel

SOCIETY

COMING EVENTS

Friday.
Misanakesiba Campfire Girls Red Cross Meeting, Miss Dorothy Gullion. Inter Nos Circle, Mrs. Ray Cramer.
Sugar Grove Picnic, Sugar Grove church.
St. Paul's Aid, Mrs. Julia Hubbard.

At Mineral Springs.
Mr. and Mrs. Leis Beaty and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Osbaugh spent the 4th at Mineral Springs.

Prairieville Picnic.
Two hundred people attended the Prairieville community picnic held the evening of the 4th at the Prairieville church. The picnic supper was served in the church basement from long tables in cafeteria fashion. The excellent supper was followed by the serving of ice cream. Among those not from Prairieville were Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Anson Thummel of Sterling and Mrs. Bert Robinson, Mrs. M. D. Hubbard and the Frank Brauer family and their guests of Dixon.

Prairieville Social Circle.
The rainy morning prevented a large number of the Prairieville Social circle from arriving at the home of Mrs. Walter Brauer for the customary scramble dinner, but those present enjoyed it heartily. Others coming in the afternoon increased the company to 17 in all. The members enjoyed on shirts for the C. N. D. and enjoyed Victrola music. The circle will continue its meetings during the summer because of war work. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Carl Straw, July 17.

Visited Rockford.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. May, son Russell and daughter Hope motored to Rockford yesterday to see the parade of U. S. A. boys. They took dinner with their son-in-law and daughter. Mr. and Mrs. John Hendricks, of Rockford and later went through Camp Grant.

Heard McCormick.
Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Grimes attended the campmeeting and heard Medill McCormick's speech at Franklin Grove yesterday.

To Sterling.
Mrs. M. D. Grimes will go to Sterling tomorrow to care for the sons of Mrs. Wm. Elsie while the latter is attending the funeral of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Chester Echter-nach.

Music At Campmeeting.
The Methodist choir of this city will have entire charge of the Sunday music at the Franklin Grove campmeeting. Mesdames Lee Read and Frank Ballou and Messrs. Fahrney and Rice will furnish quartet number and Dr. and Mrs. Thompson will also sing.

M. E. Choir.
A rehearsal of the M. E. choir will be held at the church at 7:30 this evening. All who anticipate helping in the Sunday services at the Franklin Grove campmeeting should be present.

With Dixon Friends.
Mr. and Mrs. Al. Cover and daughter of Chicago on a motor trip to the west, topped here and are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Roberts, 412 Monroe Ave.

To Rockford.
Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bovey and Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rizer and Miss Avis Beatty motored to Rockford yesterday.

To Wisconsin Lakes.
Misses Margaret and Helen Seibert who have been spending the past week with their father, G. B. Seybert of North Ottawa avenue, left this morning for Chicago where they will meet a party of friends and from there will motor to Lake Teauawakee, Wis., for two weeks' outing.

War Mothers Meeting.
The War Mothers will hold a very important meetinx next Tuesday afternoon. Talks will be made by prominent Dixon men.

CORRECT
Glasses fit your purse, your features, your eyes and improve your health.
Do Your?

Dr. W. F. Aydelotte
Neurologist and Health Instructor
623 Crawford Ave., Dixon, Illinois.
Phone 160 for Appointments

NOTICE

Although everything connected with my business has advanced, my prices remain the same:
Plain shampoo, 50c; with hot oil or witch hazel, 75c.
Curling and dressing 10c to 25c extra.
Hair dressing, 25c to 50c.
Manicuring, 50c.
Facial massage, \$1.00 per hour.
Facial massage, per half hour, 50c.
Switches made from comb-ings, per ounce, 50c.

FLORENCE E. DUSTMAN
Beauty Shop

Entertained.
Mrs. Samuel Eells and Miss Eells entertained guests at tea last evening.

St. Paul's Choir.
There will be no choir practice at St. Paul's Lutheran church tonight.

Palmyra Mutual Aid.
A meeting of the Palmyra Mutual Aid will be held on Wednesday with Mrs. Aaron Book. There will be a special collection for the women's committee, C. N. D. All members are expected.

Dinner on Lawn.
Mrs. W. R. Winders entertained eight Polo ladies with a picnic dinner on her lawn yesterday.

Witnessed Parade.
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Brinton, Miss Brinton, Miss Bess Pauline Eells motored to Rockford Wednesday, where they had engaged rooms at a hotel and from them were able to comfortably enjoy themselves in witnessing the parade.

To Starved Rock.
Miss Bess Camp left today for Ottawa to visit Miss Gopen. Her day will be spent at Starved Rock in witnessing the pageant.

To Oregon and Rochelle.
Mr. and Mrs. McDaniels and Mr. Eustace and Miss Eustace of Assembly park, motored to Oregon on the Fourth and after attending the races there, went to Rochelle where they witnessed the maneuvers of Lieut. Gardner with his biplane.

To Milwaukee.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Noble with Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Dimick as their guests, left Thursday for Milwaukee by automobile. They will be gone several days.

At Lowell Park.
Joseph Castle and daughters, Miss Gertrude Castle, Mrs. Ethel Trottnow and Mrs. Sidney Murphy, with Mrs. Trottnow's daughter and Mrs. Murphy's family, picnicked at Lowell park yesterday.

Historic Cabin John Bridge.
Cabin John bridge is a masonry bridge in the Glen Echo suburbs of Washington, which crosses the deep valley of a shallow stream known as Cabin John Run not far from its confluence with the Potomac. The bridge was built in the fifties to carry the conduit which supplies the water for the capital and was for many years the longest single span of masonry in the world. Its architect and builder was Montgomery C. Meigs, later quartermaster general of the army, and it was erected under direction of the war department. A tablet in one spandrel gives the usual information as to date of completion of the bridge and the names of those concerned in its structure, among them that of the secretary of war. But as the late secretary of war, Jefferson Davis, was in 1861, when the bridge was completed, engaged upon the other side it was deemed preferable not to carry his name upon the bridge and a blank tablet was left in the stone above the official title.

Conserving Tin Cans.
All over the world many uses are found for used five-gallon tin cans. In the Orient, Africa, Latin-America, the West and East Indies, the natives purchase them for innumerable purposes. There are men engaged solely in buying and selling these containers. The tinsmith coverts the containers into all kinds of household utensils—lamps, cook stoves, pots, baking pans, sprinklers, small pumps, plates, measures, drinking cups, rat-traps and buckets. With one face removed and glass substituted therefor the can becomes a display box for grocery stores, or a rice container. Cut diagonally in two it serves as a dust pan. In Latin-American cities it is used by peons to cut grass in parks, being formed into a sort of knife. Used entire it is good for shipping camphor, lime, alcohol and molasses. It makes an excellent flower-pot.

Faces of Nature in Mountains.
This country, above all others, abounds in faces of nature. All the eastern and middle states are dotted with mountains and hills in a thousand varying shapes, and it would be strange if nature had not indulged in her well-known freaks. On the Hudson river, St. Anthony's Nose is a prominent object, and there are other faces well known to the traveler. In the White mountains, the Old Man of the Mountains has been a wonder to tourists for many years. In the Rockies, faces of nature are numerous, and as the region is becoming more fully explored, amazing shapes are daily discovered. Elephants, bears, lions, crouching tigers, as well as human faces and forms loom up before the astonished tourist.

Edible British Seaweeds.
Other British seaweeds besides carrageen moss make excellent eating. Among these are laver, samphire, dulse, erings, and sea holly. Samphire used to be cried in the streets of London under the name of "crest marine," but apparently present-day costermongers never sell it. Laver tastes as good as spinach, and is more nutritious. Sir James Barrie tells us how to cook dulse. In "A Window in Thrums" he writes: "Dulse is roasted by twisting it round the tongs when these are fired to a red heat"—a mode of cooking which gives it an oyster-like flavor. Dillisk, chopped up small and stewed in milk thickened with oatmeal, is a splendid dish.

Changed Most Everything.

Two men who had dined well and indiscreetly, lunched arm in arm into a subway car. "Shay," said one bibulous party to the other, "let's change hats. Whatdyashay?" The exchange was duly made. "Let's change coats," said the man who had made the first suggestion. "Whatdyashay?" That was done. "An' now," remarked the man who had kept silent and had followed orders, "let's change names." He pulled an engraved card from his case and jammed it into his friend's hand. Leisuredly and solemnly the other searched for his card through his pockets, and found it and passed it over.—New York Times.

Application of Term Creole.

The term Creole is of uncertain origin, and has been applied to different race blends and mixed nationalities. George W. Cable, a native of Louisiana, which is sometimes called "the Creole state" and author of a novel entitled, "Old Creole Days," says: "The term did not first belong to the descendants of Spanish but of the French settlers. But such a meaning implied a certain excellence of origin, and so came early to include any native of French or Spanish descent by either parent, whose new allegiance with the slave race entitled him to social rank. Later, the term was adopted by, not conceded to, the natives of mixed blood, and is still so used among themselves. Besides French and Spanish, there are even, for convenience of speech, colored Creoles but there are no Italian or Sicilian, nor any English, Scotch or Irish or Yankee Creoles." In the West Indies and in Mexico the term was applied to whites of pure Spanish or French extraction, but in the United States it was applied also to persons of mixed negro blood.

Modern Ideas of Greatness.

When we ask what it is that we moderns deem to constitute greatness among the men of our own or a comparatively recent time, we feel that the standard has somewhat changed. We set less store by monarchs, for they do not fill the stage of the world as they once did, although some of them have still large opportunities for doing good or harm. Neither do we give quite such special honor to military glory as former ages did. Nevertheless, the essential qualities that dazzle the eyes of man may be still the same. I speak chiefly of the greatness that consists in action, for the ruler, the statesman and the warrior do their work in the sight of the world and can be judged by it, whereas the poet or the philosopher may have long to wait for recognition, and even a supreme scientific discovery may not be appreciated until long years have been spent in working out its applications.—James Bryce, in Youth's Companion.

Electric Street Directory.

The City of New York has recently prepared an electric street directory to enable any person who may be lost to find their way about. If a person be lost, all he has to do is to go to one of these directories and he can find the location of any building, street or car line by pushing an electric button on the keyboard, for the location he is seeking will be illuminated by a little six-volt incandescent lamp. The directory board is 16 square feet in area and the map is divided into 50 sections for the city of greater New York. The current for the board is furnished by storage batteries.

Married Ten Years.

"A rather remarkable couple, I should say." "They've been married ten years and she still listens with deference when he expresses an opinion."

Float in Seas of Own Making.

Up in the deserts of California, hundreds of feet above sea level, scores of great ships float in little seas of their own making. These are the gold dredges. The parts are hauled over a sage brush desert, and put together on dry land. The navigable water begins with a dry pit, in which the hull is assembled and calked. Water is brought from some creek, then the great steam shovel starts work, and presently the dredge is digging away into the soil with her chain of buckets, scooping it out to a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and always increasing the size of the lake in which she floats.

Language of Heaven.

A correspondent sends me a story which is a good parallel (or, rather, the exact opposite of a parallel) to that of the minister who prayed in Gaelic. There was in Dublin an old lady both eccentric and devout. One day she sent for a Jewish minister, and started to learn Hebrew most assiduously. Though she was eccentric, and her friends were rarely surprised at anything she chose to do, they did wonder at this, and asked her the reason. "It would ill become me," she replied, "when I meet my maker, as soon I shall, to address him in any but his native language."—London Daily News.

Plenty of Coal.

The United States geological survey estimates that our reserves of easily accessible anthracite and bituminous coal is more than 1,500 billion tons, while half as much again of the same grades can be made accessible with little difficulty, aside from comparable tonnages of subbituminous coal and lignite. These figures are exclusive of Alaska, which possesses, according to the recent report of the survey, 150 billion tons. This estimate of Alaska alone would permit for an output of 10,000 tons a day for more than forty thousand years. But the United States proper possesses a known quantity of coal deposits which gives her two-thirds of the world's store untouched.

Author Reaches the Goal.

The first book he wrote was splendidly written, but had no plot. The second was poorly written, but had a good plot. So he wrote another that was both poorly written and plotless, and advertised it in such a manner that it was almost barred from the mails. Whereupon he became a successful author!—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

U. S. CONGRESSMAN QUICKLY FINDS STOMACH RELIEF

Joseph Taggart, M. C., from Kansas, Declares EATONIC Best for Indigestion He Ever Used.

A congressman hears many arguments for and against different propositions. His mind is open to conviction, but before he casts his vote on any measure he insists upon evidence that settles any weight, carries conviction.

In the case of "EATONIC" Joseph Taggart, Congressman from the 2nd District, Kansas City, Kans., decided that a trial of the remedy itself would furnish the most conclusive proof. Read his decision.

"One box of EATONIC will convince the most skeptical. It is the best remedy I have ever tried for indigestion."

JOSEPH TAGGART, M. C., 2d Kansas Dist., Kansas City, Kans.

Nearly all stomach trouble is caused by too much acid in the stomach. EATONIC neutralizes the excess acidity and enable you to eat what you like and digest what you eat in comfort. It keeps the stomach in a state of perfect health. Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the gas out of the body—and the bloated goes with it. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it. Get a box today from your druggist.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

WANTED. Position by experienced stenographer, 3 years. Can also do bookkeeping if necessary. Call phone Y909. 152 2*

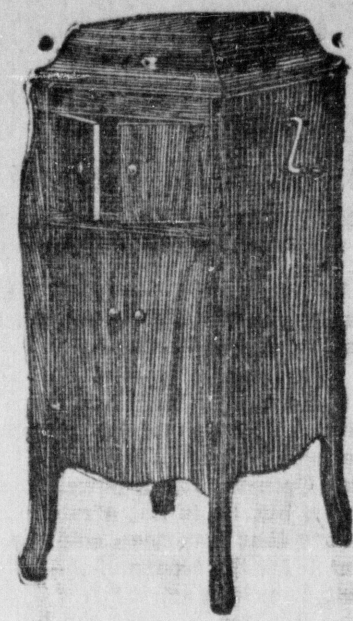
LOST in Lowell park on the 4th, a Waltham watch. Finder please notify A. G. Butterbaugh, Mt. Morris, Ill. 152 2*

FOR SALE. 160 acres 2 1-2 miles from Dixon, Ill. Price \$210 per acre; will take trade up to \$15,000, balance 10 years' time at 5 per cent. Address F. A. Brandt, Sterling, Ill. 152 3*

FOR RENT. Modern apartment of 6 rooms and bath. Beautiful location. Frank Rosbrook. 152 6*

Keep Promises Made Children.

If failure to keep promises is evil in the business and social world at large, it is calamitous in the home. One cannot be too careful about making promises to children. None should be lightly made, and when made, they should be scrupulously kept, even in seemingly unimportant things. If one would have children truthful, one must oneself first be true. They should early learn the value of truthfulness in promises. One has no right to promise a thing to rid oneself of importunity. When one is not ready to promise, one should say so and stick to it. No matter is unimportant that has a bearing on truthfulness. It does not take long for a child to learn when a parent breaks promises foolishly or lightly. Then such a child ceases to respect a parent's word in anything. Slow to make a promise, but swift to keep one, should be an ideal for all.—Milwaukee Journal.



Special
VICTROLA
Outfit No. XA

New style Victrola 10A
Mahogany or Oak (illustrated above), with
nine 10 in. 85c Double

Face records of your own selection.

\$97.65

Easy Payments

Theo. J. Miller & Sons

Established 1873

Come in and hear the July Victor Records

SPECIAL SALE SATURDAY

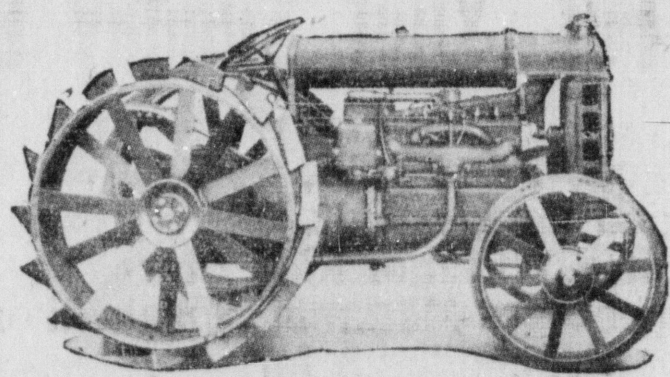
LADIES SUMMER DRESSES

Largest and best assortment of
Stylish Dresses in the city.
Price less than present cost of
material.

Warner's Rust Proof Corsets

Prices continue to advance we have some special
lots to close at 98c \$1.48 and \$1.98 very special

O. H. Brown & Co.



FORDSON TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION

On the William Carson farm, 3 miles east of
Dixon on the Lincoln Highway.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, July 5 and 6

Afternoons Only

George Netzt & Company

DIXON, ILLINOIS

STOP A MINUTE!

and remember the terrible tornado losses at
Mattoon, Charleston, Modesto and other Illinois
towns last May.

Don't joke you self into thinking this will
not happen again. IT WILL—AND OUR
TOWN MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM.

The Storm Period Is Here Now

Order a Tornado policy today. You may have
a cause to thank us later.

F. X. Newcomer Company

The Service Agency

Help Win The War

On account of the shortage of Scrap Iron and other Waste Materials, the Sub-Committee of the American Iron & Steel Institute is requiring from us to advertise sufficiently that all housekeepers, farmers, etc., should gather up the waste material and sell it to the junk dealers for preparation. We are allowing highest market prices and by selling your junk you will help yourself as well as our Government.

J. SINOW

114 W. River St. LEADING JUNK DEALER Dixon, Ill. Phone 81

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CITY OF DIXON.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF
CIRCULATIONS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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of all news credited to it or not
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All right of republication of special
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BULLETIN NO. 1.

To All Local Boards:
The Engineers Corps is in need of
certain skilled men. Only white men
qualified for general military service
man who is needed to fill the July
may be accepted under this call. No
calls already announced should be
allowed to volunteer for this service.
Volunteers may be selected from the
1918 class provided the registrant
waives all time limits for classification
and examination.

The following types of men are de-
sired:
Auto Repairmen
Axemen
Blacksmiths
Boatmen
Electricians
Farriers
Machinists
Plumbers
Riggers
Surveyors
Telephone Operators
Bridge Carpenters
Cabinet Makers
Caulkers
Concrete Foremen
Gas Engine-men
Horsehoers
Powdermen
Saddlers
Tailors
Timbermen
Concrete Workers
Construction Foremen
Cooks
Draftsmen
Stationary Engineers
Lithographers
Photographers
Quartermen
Shoemakers
Topographers

Please give the widest publicity to
this matter, using the Nation's Want
Column method and urging qualified
registrants to present themselves to
your board for listing. If a sufficient
number of volunteers are not se-
cured, involuntary induction will be
used. On July 17th, wire this office
the number of qualified men listed in
each of the above occupations which
we may expect from your board. Up-
on receipt of this information definite
allotments will be made and com-
plete mobilization details fur-
nished.

Local boards must understand thor-
oughly that these registrants are not
to be inducted until orders are re-
ceived as to allotments and that no
men needed to fill any July calls
shall be permitted to volunteer.

Volunteers for this service shall
not be released to the navy or marine
corps or to withdraw their applica-
tion prior to August 1st.

FRANK S. DICKSON,
The Adjutant General.

FORMER DIXON BOY AVIATOR FOR CANADA

CAPT. GEORGE PAGE BULMER
WAS BORN IN NORTH DIXON
—IS NOW AN "ACE"

Mrs. Theodore Wilson, 317 North
Galena avenue, has received word of
the success of her nephew, Captain
George Page Bulmer, a former Dixon
boy who, although but 19 years of
age, has attained mention for bravery
and praise for his achievements as
an aviator in the Canadian army. He
has been decorated with the Cross of
the Field for his excellent service in
France.

Capt. Bulmer was born in the
house now occupied by Atty. H. S.
Dixon, 503 N. Hennepin Ave., his
parents being Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Page,
and he resided there until he was five
years of age, when the family moved
to Toronto, Can. In 1917 he enlisted
in the aviation corps and was sent
at once to England, where he gradu-
ated with honors from an aviation
school, getting a commission as a
Lieutenant at the time.

Last November he was dispatched
to France and was placed in charge
of an aerial squadron. His repeated
success soon won the attention of the
English officers and he was promot-
ed to a captaincy. He participated in
numerous aerial raids and is credited
in a report several days ago with
having brought down no less than
seven Hun aeroplanes and two of the
big war balloons, single handed. For
these successes he has been decorated
with the cross of the Distinguished
Service Order.

Japan's First Written Language.

There appears to have been no writ-
ten language in Japan till Chinese char-
acters were introduced into Japan
from Korea in the reign of the Em-
peror Ojia, A. D. 285. The incon-
venience caused by Chinese characters
led afterwards to the invention of kata-
kana and hiragana, the Japanese syl-
labary, which contributed much to-
wards improving the national lan-
guage.

Poetry in Japan.

"Poetry in Japan is as universal as
the air. It is felt by everybody. It is
read by everybody. It is composed by
almost everybody." — Dr. Lafesdio
Heera.

German Propaganda Like a Knife Thrust in the Back

By CLARENCE L. SPEED

(Written for the War Committee of the Union League Club of Chicago.)

Smash that damnable Hun propa-
ganda and we will smash the German
line.—General Pershing.

General Pershing has seen condi-
tions at home and he has faced the
German troops in France. He knows
that Germany has a powerful war ma-
chine, but he is not afraid of it. He
knows that American soldiers are the
match for the troops of the kaiser, and
that American spirit "over there" is as
staunch as man's heart can be.

What General Pershing is afraid of
—if he knows fear at all—is not the
high explosive shell, the poison gas, the
minenwerfer or the machine gun, but
the secret, treacherous, underhanded
German propaganda that is still going
on here in the United States.

Secret Propaganda Goes On.

It is certain that the secret German
propaganda goes on. It reaches into
the homes and wrings the heartstrings
of the mothers whose sons are going
overseas. It sneaks into the factories
where war work is being done and
whispers to the workers to slow up. It
penetrates into the meeting halls of
labor unions and says "strike." On
the railroads, where hundreds of thou-
sands of workers are struggling with
the greatest congestion this country
has ever known, the German propa-
ganda spreads discontent. To the
farmer it says "hoard" and to the city
consumer it whispers of extortion and
profiteering. To the man of business
it prates of government incompetency
and inefficiency; and to the derelict,
the wanderer, the tramp—if you please
—it preaches class hatred and revolt.

Loves the Pacifist Here.

Germany, the nation which glorifies
war above all else, loves the pacifist
in this country. Peace is the favorite
topic of conversation among the pro-
German. They would quit cold, would
compromise, would do anything, in
short, except fight out this war to a
finish and crush forever that menace
of militarism which, above all things,
the pacifist is supposed to abhor.

Creating friction and jealousy among
the nations allied against the kaiser
is one of the propagandists' most ef-
fective methods. They are active
abettors of that group of Americans of
Irish extraction who are bitter against
England. They work effectively among
the half educated who, by superficial
reading of United States history, have
been accustomed to regard England as
America's traditional enemy.

They create distrust and suspicion
of Japan, and both here and in the
Orient have so sown the seeds of sus-
picion that at times it seemed as
though a conflict must inevitably en-
sue. Down in Mexico bandits like
Villa get money and supplies from
mysterious sources, making necessary
the holding of a considerable Ameri-
can force on the border.

How far reaching and well organ-
ized the German propaganda was in
this country just before we entered
the war was shown in 1914 when mem-
bers of congress were flooded with
nearly a million telegrams, all of iden-
tical wording, protesting against the
shipment of arms to the enemies of
Germany. The American Embargo
Conference was the organization be-
hind these messages. It sprang up al-
most in a night and a million tele-
grams cost a lot of money.

The American Truth society was an-
other of the organizations which
seemed to have plenty of funds and
sought to influence members of con-
gress in favor of prohibiting the ship-
ment of arms and ammunition. Then
there was the German-American Na-

tional Alliance which recently went
out of business while its activities
were under fire of congressional in-
vestigation. The Teutonic Sons of Amer-
ica and other similar bodies also were
openly active just before we went into
the war.

We hear very little of these organi-
zations now, but their members are
still in the United States. It is highly
improbable that they all experienced a
change of heart the moment the United
States declared war.

Spread Red Cross Rumors.

They spread the rumors about the
Red Cross selling its supplies instead
of giving them to the soldiers for
whom they are intended.

They torture American mothers
with wild stories of shocking immor-
ality in France—tales which are re-
futed by the magnificent way in which
the French armies have stood up
against overwhelming odds.

They cause unrest by spreading ru-
mors of food being commandeered in
the pantries of private homes, and they
seek, by exaggerating tales of scarcity,
to cause excessive buying which in-
creases the scarcity.

They cause the city consumer to be-
lieve that he is being made the victim
of extortion, while at the same time
they tell the farmer he is not being
paid enough for his grain and live
stock.

Rumors of the torpedoing of trans-
ports, with the loss of thousands of
soldiers, they find particularly effec-
tive in causing anxiety in the hearts
of those whose loved ones have gone
across the seas, or mothers whose
sons are about to be taken in the
draft.

All such stories, started originally
by pro-German propagandists, are of-
ten spread, innocently enough, by loy-
al Americans, who repeat them and
talk about them. Thus they unwill-
ingly become the tools of the kaiser.

"Let the German agents who in-
vented these lies be the only ones to
pass them on," is the plea of the ad-
ministration and of ordinary patriotic
horse sense.

If this is done it soon will be pos-
sible to spot a man who is in favor of
Germany just as easily as though he
were out in the middle of the street
trampling an American flag.

Peril in Foe's Propaganda.

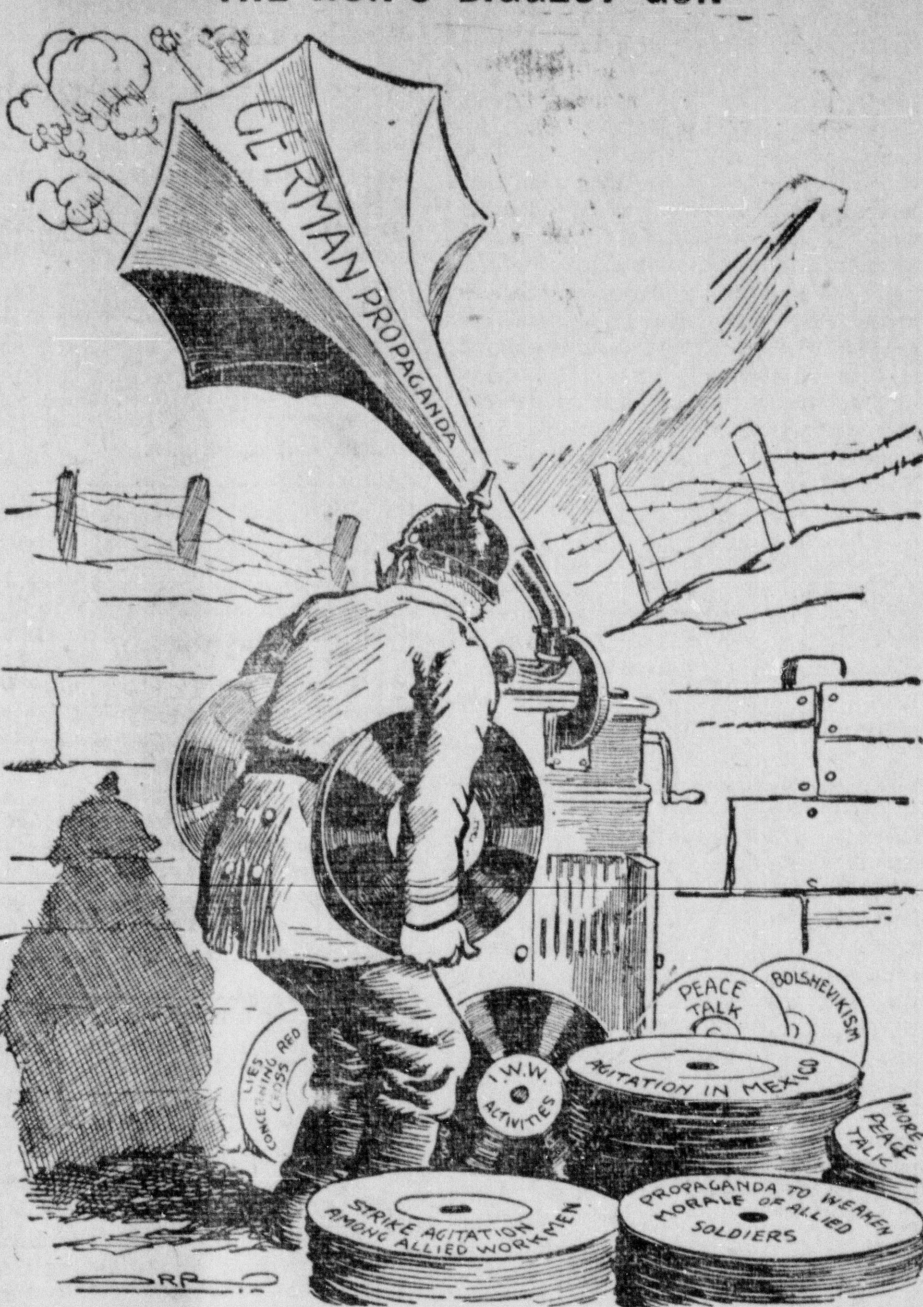
How much more a menace German
propaganda is than German military
might is easily seen by the experi-
ences of Russia and Italy. The un-
educated Russians, restive under a
strict autocracy, and fighting, not for
the principle of democracy, but be-
cause they were ordered to fight, were
told that all they need do was to lay
down their arms and they would have
peace.

The Italians were told that the
French and English troops were shoot-
ing down their wives and children,
who were starving at home.

There are hundreds of thousands of
Americans of German descent who are
American to the core and who are do-
ing all that they can for the cause of
America. All loyal to them. Side by
side with these loyal citizens, however,
and sometimes hiding behind their
cloak are the skulking allies of the
kaiser.

America now knows or should know
the danger from these crafty plotters
and their insidious German propa-
ganda. And what can we each do about
it? We can and should challenge ev-
ery story we hear which smacks of
German propaganda. Refuse to accept
any story tending to weaken American
morale without the proof.

THE HUN'S BIGGEST GUN



TRAER MAN IDENTIFIES CAR

The Ford automobile which was
captured by the Dixon police three
weeks ago, at which time the two
young men who drove it here after
stealing it in Iowa, made their es-
cape, was this morning identified by
Claud Mask of Traer, Ia., from whom
it was stolen May 2.

Origin of "Devil's Sonata."

A marvelous circumstance caused
Tartini to write the curiously-named
"Devil's Sonata." He dreamed one
night he sold himself to the Evil One,
and asked him to play on a violin he
used to practice on. His Satanic Ma-
jesty complied with the request, and
played so wonderfully that Tartini
jumped out of bed and began to play
the delicious sounds he had just list-
ened to. He could not exactly coin-
cide with the devil's efforts, but at-
tained such a resemblance that he
gave his sonata the curious name we
know it by.

—Do you need calling cards? If
so, the B. F. Shaw Ptg. Co. can sup-
ply same.

We Sold 528 Sacks of BARLEY FLOUR

24½ lbs each, in the last 3 months.
It is the best all around flour substitute
on the market. You can use all Barley
Flour in making Ginger Breads or
Brown Breads and elsewhere when you
use Sorghum or New Orleans Molasses
and can not tell what flour it is made
of. We will sell it cheaper than corn
meal for one week. In single pounds
or more—5c.

Best White Lard, per lb.....	30c
Old Potatoes, per peck, 15 lbs.....	30c
New Potatoes, per peck, 15 lbs.....	45c
3 pkgs Club Home Jelly Powder (Jello) ..	25c
3 cans Club House Assorted Soap.....	25c
3 pkgs Grandma Macaroni	25c
1 Large Bottle Blue Label Catsup	25c
3 lbs Sweet Clara Prunes, per lb.....	25c
Large Santa Clara Prunes, per lb.....	15c and 18c
A can California Ripe Olives	10c
A No. 2 can Red Beans	10c
Canned Sweet Potatoes	15c and 20c
A 30c can Best Logan Berries.....	25c
Salt Pork in Brine—the cheapest meat sold in solid pice, per lb	24c

If we do not price what you want—
ask for it.

Compare the prices we quote with
what you are paying. You are not pay-
ing for other's accommodation when
you trade at the

Dixon Grocery Co.

CITY IN BRIEF

—Have you used the Twin Tube
and Rubber Co.'s Tires. None better
on the market. Tread-Well casings
and Last-Well tubes. **tf**

—Have you ever used Healo? It is
a foot remedy of real merit. One
box will convince you of this. The
outlay is small—25 cents a box. All
druggists sell it.

Any hair or scalp trouble you may
have will quickly vanish after a few
days' use of Parisian Sage. Rowland
Bros. sell it on guarantee of money
back if not satisfied.

—Are you reading our splendid
new serial? For back copies call at
The Telegraph office.

—We are offering special price on
all hats for Saturday. Miss H. Mul-
kins, Galena Ave. **1**

We are sending the Evening Tele-
graph to many soldier boys. Why not
to yours. Call No. 5, The Evening
Telegraph, for rates.

R. L. VEST

GROCERY AND MARKET

83 Galena Ave.

Dixon, Ill.

Pays 32c in Cash
For EGGS

THE ODDS & ENDS STORE

Mid-Summer Sale

Still Continues—Price Cutting That Will
Save You Money—Buy While
Buying Is Good

SHOES



Barefoot Sandals
9 to 11, 50c a Pr

Barefoot Sandals
12 to 2, 75c a Pr

Low White Shoes, 5 to 8.....	95c a pair
Low White Shoes, 8½ to 11.....	\$1.10 a pair
Low White Shoes, 11½ to 2	\$1.15 a pair
Low White Shoes, 2 to 6.....	\$1.50 a pair
High White Shoes, 9 to 11.....	\$1.40 a pair
High White Shoes, 11½ to 2.....	\$1.65 a pair
High White Shoes, 2½ to 7.....	\$2.00 a pair
100 Pair Women's Low Shoes.....	98c
100 Pair Women's Low Shoes.....	\$1.65, \$1.95
100 Pair Women's High Shoes.....	\$1.95, 2.25 a pair
Men's Work Shoes.....	\$1.75, \$1.85, \$2.85 a Pair
Men's Tan Army Shoes in the Munson Last, all sizes, only.....	\$3.50 a pair

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Men's Union Suits.....	65c, 85c, 95c
Men's Shirts and Drawers.....	45c to 85c
Men's Work Shirts, Blue Chambray.....	65c
Men's Work Shirts, Striped Cheviot.....	75c
Men's Work Shirts, Khaki.....	85c and 90c
Men's Heavy Overalls.....	\$1.35 to \$1.75
Boys' Indigo Blue Overalls, sizes 30.....	75c
Boys' Knee Pants.....	25c, 50c and 75c
Men's Light Weight Overalls and Jackets only.....	75c each
Men's and Boys' Straw Hats.....	10c and up

Men's and Boys' Suit and Trousers at Great
Saving—This ought to be a strong inducement
for you to buy now as these Low Prices will not
last long, as all kinds of merchandise is getting
scarcer and higher. We advise you to get busy
and take advantage of this Money-Saving Sale.
Don't forget the store—

S. Rosenthal & Sons Old Stand

Next Door to Woolworth's 10c Store

For Your Sunday Dinner

A good Prune	10c
Good Cookies Doz.	12c
Puffed Wheat or Rice 2 for	25c
3 packages Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg noodles 3 for	25c
Washington Crisp Cornflakes 2 for	25c
Club House Jelly powder	10c
Keen Kleaner 3 for	10c
Golden Rod Washing Powder	20c
Royal Lemon Washing Powder large	28c
Royal Lemon	Powder small 3 for 25c

MEAT DEPARTMENT

Smoked Butts	37c
Bologna	20c
Frankfurters	20c
Liver Sausage	20c
Bacon	35-50c

Prime Beef and Pork Roast
Stewing Chickens

L. R. MATHIAS

Cash Grocery & Market
Phone 905 105 Peoria Ave.

SOCIETY

Lincoln Red Cross Unit.
On Wednesday despite unfavorable weather the members of the Lincoln Red Cross unit held a well attended meeting with Mrs. Peter Carlson, 23 being present. A letter was read from Mrs. McGowan promising much work soon from headquarters, but for Wednesday the ladies had to content themselves with the making of bust seven pajama suits. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kime sent a letter to the unit thanking the members sent during the former's illness. A permanent flower fund was decided upon by the members and the meeting closed after roll call, reading of minutes and the partaking of delicious refreshments. The next meeting will be held July 17 at the home of Mrs. Spencer Henderson.

Picnicked.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scovill and family of Sterling, Mrs. C. P. Reid and children and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Leake picnicked at Lowell park yesterday.

At The Rocks.
Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Mr. and Mrs. Louis Eddy and families and Miss Alice McNinch, a guest of the latter from Sublette, picnicked yesterday at the Rocks.

In Decatur.
Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Long of 619 North Galena avenue are guests of the former's brother, Samuel Long, and family in Decatur for the week end.

RETURNED HOME.
E. L. Staples has returned from a couple of months' stay in the Adirondacks, spent in the interest of a lumber company. Mr. Staples is an expert in forestry and in choosing timber for airplanes, paper and other purposes and is engaged by the large eastern lumber interests.

Picnicked at Park.
Mr. and Mrs. John Kling, Misses Ruth and Mabel Kling, home for the week end from La Grange and George Algar, Harry Burns and Lawrence Kelly picnicked at Lowell park on the Fourth.

Beefsteak Fry.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schumm, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Drummond, Mrs. Dwight Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Leydig, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Sproul and Mr. and Mrs. Merle Hirsch motored to the Rocks yesterday and enjoyed a beefsteak fry.

With Parents.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hicks of Les Center came Wednesday to visit Mrs. Hicks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lehman and attend the Brethren picnic at Assembly park on the Fourth.

Knit-a-bit Club.
The Knit-a-bit club will meet at the home of Mrs. Charles Boers this evening, on Fourth street.

Church Picnic.
Members of the Brethren church celebrated the Fourth patriotically at Assembly park with a picnic in the afternoon given over to patriotic addresses and the singing of national songs. At least 100 were in attendance.

Supper in Grandy.
Mr. and Mrs. Dave Boos, Miss Lillian Morris, Miss Gertrude Castle, Miss Olive Hanes and Miss Marie Madden had supper at the Sheffield last evening.

To McKinley Springs.
Misses Dora Smith, Marian Miller, Miriam Lapham and Katherine Joseph paddled their canoe to McKinley springs at Hazelwood yesterday and enjoyed a picnic luncheon. Part of the afternoon was spent at Lowell park.

Germans Plan World Rule; Other Races to Be Menials

By CLARENCE L. SPEED

(Written for the War Committee of the Union League Club of Chicago.)

"Thor stood at the midnight end of the world and threw his heavy battle-axe. 'So far as my hammer goes whizzing through the air shall the land and the sea be mine.' And the hammer flew from his hand, flew over the whole earth; it fell at the furthest end of the South, so that all should become his own. Since then 'tis the joyous German right with the hammer to win land. We are of the race of the Hammer-God and mean to inherit his world empire."

So wrote Felix Dahn, famous German poet. So spoke the kaiser and his ministers. So taught the German professors and economists, and so believed the great mass of the German people as they started gayly on the world war, sure in their own minds of easy conquest, arrogant in their belief of mental and military superiority, and confident of the protection of the "German God," not the benevolent Deity of other lands, but the Thor of the barbarian tribes who overran Europe nearly two thousand years ago.

Prussians Long Land Grabbers.
Expansion has been the sole aim of the Prussian rulers since the days of Frederick the Great. Expansion, to a Prussian, means not peaceful settlement of uncivilized lands; but forceful spoliation of one's neighbors; not colonization but conquest. Prussia, by conquest, expanded from a little inland state to the great German empire of today. The Prussian dream now is expansion until the world is mastered as Rome mastered it; expansion until there is no room on the globe for any trade but German trade.

One of the most popular books in Germany during the years immediately preceding the war was "Greater Germany and Mid-Europe in the Year 1950." It tells how Germany must dominate Europe, take what it wants from those who now have it, and reduce the population of conquered lands to servitude. Here is a typical quotation:

"The Germans, being alone entitled to exercise political rights, to serve in the army and navy, and to acquire landed property, will recover the feeling they had in the middle ages of being a people of masters. They will gladly tolerate the foreigners living amongst them, to whom inferior manual services would be entrusted."

Others to Sweep Streets.
Presumably they would allow the French, the Belgians and the Italians, who now are opposing them so valiantly, to sweep the streets and dig the sewers.

Klaus Wagner, noted German writer, in his "Krieg," says:

"South America must also and may easily become a home for new free Teutonic races. Resettlement of the territory by people of Teutonic stock; removal of the non-Teutonic inhabitants to reservations, or, best of all, to Africa. Retention of Teutonic-Latins in South America in so far as they are physically, mentally and morally sound, and are passed by a commission of anthropologists, physicians, artists and teachers."

Imagine such a spectacle! German commission passing on your fitness to live in these United States; picture, if you can, how you would pass your examination! And if the German artist happened not to like the color of your eyes or the shade of your hair, to Africa you would go. If the German teacher thought you failed to articulate your gutturals properly, it would mean deportation.

That it is the intention of Germany to hold Belgium, thus gaining possession of the channel ports and robbing England of its control of that portion of the sea which lies between her and the continent, is no longer left in doubt. Baron von Bissing, the first German governor of conquered Belgium, who stood high in the favor of the kaiser, and presumably expressed his royal master's ideas, wrote, in his "Testament," shortly before he died, as follows:

"Anyone who knows as I do now how important Belgium is to Germany politically, economically and strategically, would see how grievous a mistake we should make were we to conclude a peace which does not leave us masters of Belgium; for, whatever happens, Belgium cannot be allowed to remain under Franco-British influence, but, on the contrary, must be used to enhance our power."

Holland Fears an Attack.

Holland remains a neutral nation. Germany has declared no war on her, but the troops of Holland are mobilized on the border, and engineers stand ready to cut the dikes and flood the country, because Holland knows, as does the world, that Germany plans, as soon as she finds it expedient, to take Holland. The mouths of the Rhine empty into the sea through Holland. Because the Rhine carries German trade, Germany holds that the actual ownership of the entire river from its source to the sea is essential to Germany. "Die Wacht am Rhine," obsolete as it is on the upper reaches of the river, still means something in the North, and Germany has set her heart on controlling the river from the Alps to the sea, of fortifying its mouths, and making it in reality as in song the "German Rhine."

Real Policy of Conquest.

Are German plans, as thus exposed, but the empty vaporings of irresponsible braggaris? Ask the deported-workmen of Belgium, who have been sent away to make room for the settlement of Germans on the frontier? Ask the inhabitants of Posen, who have suffered under German persecution for generations. Ask those sturdy Frenchmen who still remain in Alsace in spite of the German efforts to drive them out. Ask the survivors of two years of German occupation of Poland whether or not deliberate starvation and deportation do not mean that their land must not be cumbered with native inhabitants but must be given up for German occupation. Ask the Armenians, those few of them who remain, hiding from the bloody Turks offered by Germans.

Every nation which has felt the weight of Prussian power will answer in the same way. Their only answer is that "Deutschland ueber Alles" means exactly "Germany above all"—means domination, persecution, and crippling when extermination is impossible.

That is why America is in the war. She sees Germany's plans to extend her power until no one can resist it. Protected, perhaps, for the time being, by her isolation and her latent power, from the immediate threat of German conquest, America cannot sit idly by and see nine-tenths of the world overrun by Prussianism, knowing, as she now knows, that her turn may come later. America must fight, and must fight to the finish, which means the downfall of Prussian autocracy and the quenching forever of the Prussian lust for conquest.

CHICAGO MARKETS

Simons, Day & Co., Chicago.

Corn—				
July 149 1/2	151 1/2	149	151 1/2	
Aug 152 1/2	154 1/2	152	154	
Sept 153 1/2	155 1/2	153 1/2	155 1/2	
Wheat—				
July 72 3/4	74 1/2	72 3/4	74 1/2	
Aug 69 3/4	71 1/2	69 3/4	71 1/2	
Sept 68 3/4	71	68 3/4	70 3/4	

CASH GRAIN—

Barley—100 to 120.

Corn—	
3 mixed—160	
6 mixed—125 to 135	
2 yellow—176	
3 yellow—170 to 174	
4 yellow—160 to 175	
6 yellow—132 to 155	
2 white—195	
4 white—185	
Sample grade—70 to 138	

Oats—

2 white—78 1-4 to 79

3 white—78 to 79

Standard 78 1-4 to 79.

LIVESTOCK—

Receipts today:

Hogs—21,000, steady to 5 higher.

Mixed—16 to 16 1/2

Heavy—16 1/2 to 17 1/2

Rough—15 1/2 to 16 1/2

Light 16 1/2 to 17 1/2

Cattle—7,000, steady.

Sheep—20,000, 10 to 20c higher.

Estimated tomorrow—

Hogs—16,000.

Cattle—3,000.

Sheep—5,000.

H. Hanks of Route 8 was in Dixon today.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

WANTED. Men. Steady employment, good wage. Apply at once. Borden Condensed Milk Co. 152 10

WANTED. Girls. Steady employment, good wages. Apply at once. Borden Condensed Milk Co. 152 10

WANTED. To board and room 2 or 3 steady men. Price reasonable to responsible parties. Rooms to rent. 85 Madison avenue in the real. Telephone X549. 152 2

LOST. Man's coat at Lowell park yesterday. Finder please call 312. 152 2

WANTED. Man to work on farm, married or single. Phone 59,140, Lee Co. line. 152 4

Knit-a-bit Club.

Members of the Knit-a-bit club and their families enjoyed a picnic yesterday at the Beaver clubhouse near the Rocks. About 40 enjoyed the excellent dinner, bathing and other diversions. The clubhouse was decorated in red, white and blue and red poppies formed a centerpiece for the long table. Mr. and Mrs. Hoberg and Mr. and Mrs. Graft of Peru were out of town guests.

Is Guest.

Miss Bernice Jocely of Milwaukee is the guest of Mrs. Eustace Shaw for a few days.

F. C. SPROUL

North Side Cash Grocery

I was reported to the State Food Administration for advertising and underselling some of my competitors who could not afford to meet my prices on certain articles by doing business on a credit basis with free delivering. But that is alright, I am too busy attending to my own business to pay any attention to the other fellow who does'nt know any better and isn't posted.

3 Cans of Lindon Milk tall	33c
3 lbs. of split Navy Beans	33c
1 Doz. large Dill Pickles	30c
3 lb. Can Crisco	97c
3 lbs. Nuco not Margarine	93c
6 Bars Armours Laundry soap	27c
2 lbs good Luck Oleo	65c
2 Cans Best Sweet Corn	38c
New Potatoes per pk	50c
Ham Butts per lb	38c

Delivers 5c

Phone 158

John Wesley's Mother's Advice.

John Wesley's mother once wrote to him when he was in college: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: 'Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your senses of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over mind, that thing to you is sin.'"—Christian Science Monitor.

An Easy Task.

You never know what you can do till you try, and many a fellow can make a fool of himself without half trying.—Philadelphia Record.

The Disadvantages of Wealth.

Sombody figures that to count \$1,000,000 would require 102 years of steady work at the rate of eight hours a day every working day. You can see from this how embarrassed you would be if you had \$1,000,000,000. You wouldn't even have time to count it.—Boston Globe.

He is Always Busy.

If Cupid were the small boy that he is represented to be, the authorities who prevent children from being over-worked would have to take a hand.

Nurses Record Sheets for sale by the B. F. Shaw Printing Co., Dixon, Ill. Mail orders filled promptly.

THE GREAT AMERICAN STORES CO.

United States Food Administration License No. G 03945
87 Galena Avenue Store No. 154 Dixon, Ill.

Extra Special For SATURDAY Only

EXTRA SPECIAL

CARNATION MILK—Tall Can, 3 for 29c Limit 3 cans

Wan Eta Cocoa

Full One Pound can 27c

EXTRA SPECIAL

Swift's Classic or Galvanic Soap 10 Bars 47c Limit 10 Bars

Argo Gloss Starch

3 lbs Pack—23c age for Cheaper than bulk Starch

Our Best Coffee-- 21c lb.; 5 lbs for \$1.00

8c Full One Pound 8c Loaf of Bread

Some of Our Regular Prices

Best Brooms 69c to 89c	Frankfurters 21c
Pure Lard, per lb 30c	All Milk—tall size 11c
Fresh Eggs, per doz 33c	Cheese 31c
Lard Compound 27c	N. B. C. Crackers 17c
Navy Beans, per lb 15c	Good Luck Oleo, 2 lbs 65c
A. & H. Soda, 1 lb 6c	Best Corn Meal 5c
Post Toasties 11c	Bulk Oats—Rolled 7c
Corn Flakes 8c and 11c	Creamery Butter 49c

FARMERS! Bring in your Butter and Eggs. We Pay **CASH**

Extra Special

Morris & Co. CALIFORNIA HAMS, lb 24c

Cudahy & Co. BACON SQUARES, lb 29c

Our store open Wednesday and Saturday Nights. We will have your order delivered for 10c. "Don't forget that we were first—and still lead."

W. H. HOMMEL, Mgr.

Specials For Saturday

Ladies' Fibre Silk Hose, Black, White and colors	65c pair
Ladies' Fibre and Thread Silk Hose, Black, White and colors	\$1.15 pair
Ladies' Bungalo Aprons	\$1.25, \$1.50
Special Lot Corset Covers, Embroidery and Lace Trimmed	45c
Special Lot Muslin Drawers	29c
Muslin Gowns, Skirts, Envelope Chimese	\$1.00
Special Lot Auto Hats	59c, \$1.00
Special—Ladies' Dressing Sacques, Wrappers and House Dressers	59c, \$1.85, \$3-25
Children's and Misses' Sateen Bloomers	50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00
40 inch White and Plain Colored Voiles	39c yd
27 inch Light and Dark Percales, last chance to buy them at	25c yd

BIG ASSORTMENT

Handsome New Cretones

For Furniture Coverings, Bags, Draperies, Etc.

39c to \$1.25 yd

A. L. Geisenheimer & Co.



Can Fruit and Vegetables.

It's not only economy for your own good but a duty to your country in time of War.

We have kettles and wire jar holders for use with cold-pack method. We have Steam Cookers, Fruit Funnels, Strainers, Etc.

Deep, covered granite pots that hold 4 or 5 one-quart jars in wire holders \$1.00. Galvanized Boilers are the cheapest vessel to hold a quantity of jars. They cost \$1.95 to \$2.50.

Alladdin, Aluminum Preserving Kettles—the highest quality, 10 to 12 inches diameter, \$1.45 to \$2.40. Other Aluminum ones down to 85c. Granite ones cost still less.

Our wire fruit jar holders are a necessity when canning by cold-pack method. Our holders, any size jars—1 pint to 2 quarts, 10c each.

Calvanized Pails, Tubs and Wash Boilers, we have in plenty, although the general market is bare of them.

Have just received a few more Planet Jr., Wheeled Cultivators. If you have not purchased one, you should. The gardening season is not half over. As soon as a row of vegetables is through producing; it should be dug up and something else sowed in its place. It is not too late to sow lettuce, radishes, early sweet corn, beans, Swiss chard, turnips and beets, or to plant celery and cabbage. Every foot of your ground should produce two crops and most of it—three in one season.

Your back yard ought to be worth \$1000.00 to you. If you produce on it \$50.00 worth of vegetables, which can easily be done, your back yard will bring in to you as much as will \$1000.00 safely invested.

BATHING SUITS

We have a fine new lot of Men's and Women's Bathing Suits and Shoes and Rubber Caps for women.

HAY TOOLS

We have the very highest grade of Manila and Sisal Rope. Beware of poor rope. The price is high and the temptation to adulterate is great. We have plenty of Hay Carriers, Forks, Pulleys, Etc.

E. N. HOWELL HARDWARE CO.

The Long Chance

By Peter D. Kyne.

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CHAPTER VIII

Donna's mail-order library proved a great source of comfort to Bob during the lonely days at the Hat Ranch. At night she sang to him, or sat contentedly at his side while he told her whimsical tales of his wanderings. He was an easy, natural conversationalist, the kind of a man who "listens" well—an optimist, a dreamer. He was, seemingly, possessed of a fund of unending good-nature, and despite the fact that the past seven years of his life had been spent far from that civilization in which he had grown to manhood, in unconventional, occasionally sordid surroundings, he had lost none of an innate gentleness with women, that delicate attention to the little, thoughtful, chivalrous things which, to discerning women, are the chief charm in a man. And withal he was a droll rascal, a rollicking, careless fellow who quickly discovered that, next to telling her that he loved her and would continue to love her forever and ever, it pleased Donna more to have him tell her about himself, to listen to his Münchhausen tales of travel and adventure. Did he speak of cities with their cafes, parks, theaters and museums, she was interested, but when he told her of the country that lay just beyond the ranges, east and west, or described the long valley to the north, rolling gradually up the high Sierra, with their castellated spires, sparkling and snow-encrusted; of little mountain lakes, mirroring the firs of the heights above them, of meadows and running water and birds and blossoms, he could almost see the desert sadness die out in her eyes, as she trailed his

in spirit through this marvelous land of her heart's desire.

"When we're married, Donna," he told her, when there came to him for the first time a realization of the hunger in the girl's heart for a change from the drab, lifeless, unchanging vistas of the open desert, "we'll take horses and pack-animals and go up into that wonderful country on our honeymoon."

She turned to him with glistening eyes, seized his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"How soon?" she murmured.

He was silent, wishing he had not spoken. He was a little subdued as he answered.

"As soon as my ship comes in, Donna. Just at present it seems quite a long way off, although if nothing happens to upset a little scheme of mine, it will not be more than a year. Things are very uncertain right now." He smiled sheepishly as he thought of his profitless wanderings. "You know, Donna, I've been a rolling stone, and I haven't gathered very much moss."

"We can wait. I haven't thought much about the future, either, Bob. I'm just content to know I've got you, and the problem of keeping you hasn't presented itself as yet."

They were silent, listening to the zephyr whistling around the Hat Ranch.

"Do you know," she told him presently, "I haven't stopped to gather up the hats since the night you came, Bob, dear. I'm afraid you're ruining my business."

He stared at her amazed. "I don't understand," he said.

"I don't gather moss," she taunted him; "my specialty is hats," and then she explained for the first time the peculiar side-line in which she was engaged. It was their first discussion of any subject dealing with the practical side of her life, and Bob was keenly interested. He laughed as Donna related some homely little anecdote of the hat trade, and later, after playing her with questions regarding her life, past and present, the mood for a mutual exchange of confidences seized him and he told her something of his own checkered career.

Bob McGraw's father had been a mining engineer who had never accomplished anything more remarkable than proving himself a failure in his profession. He was of a roving, adventurous disposition, the kind of a man to whom the fields just ahead always look greenest, and as a result his life had been a remarkable series of ups and downs—mostly downs. Bob's mother had been an artist of more or less ability—probably less—who, having met and fallen in love with McGraw senior in New York during one of his prosperous periods, had continued to love him when the fortune vanished. Bob had been born in a mining camp in Tuolumne county. He had never seen his mother. She died bringing him into the world. His father had drifted from camp to camp, each successive camp being a little lonelier, less lively and less profitable than its predecessor. He had managed to keep his son by him until Bob was about ten years old, when he sent him to a military academy in southern California. At eighteen, Bob had graduated from the academy, and at his father's desire he entered the state university to study law.

Long before he had waded half-way through the first book of Blackstone, Bob had become fully convinced that he was his father's son, and that mining engineering would be vastly more to his liking. It was a profession, however, upon which his father frowned. Like most men who have made a failure of their vocation, he dreaded to see his son follow in his father's footsteps. He was insistent upon Bob following the law; so to

please him young Bob had managed to struggle through the course and by dint of much groaning and burning of midnight oil, eventually he was admitted to practice before the Superior Court. Unknown to his father, however he had been attending the courses in geology and mining engineering, in which he had made really creditable progress. He was unfortunate enough to pass his law examinations, however, whereupon his father declared that he must make his own way in the world thereafter. He secured for his son a position in the office of an old friend, a corporation lawyer named Henry Dustan, where Bob while not actively engaged upon some minor detail of Dustan's large practice had the privilege of going down into the police courts for a little practical experience in the genteel art of pleading.

A month later, McGraw, pere, while ascending the shaft of the mine where he was employed as superintendent, was met by an ore bucket coming down. Bob closed his office, went up country to the mine and saw to it that his father was decently buried. Fortunately there was sufficient money on hand to do this, Bob's parent having received his pay check only the day before.

There had been no estate for Bob to probate, and his few briefless weeks scouting around the police courts and acting as a messenger boy, for Henry Dustan had given him a thorough disgust for the profession of the law. He left his position with Dustan and went to work on a morning paper at fifteen dollars a week. At the end of two months he was getting twenty—also very shabby and in debt. It was his ambition to gather together sufficient money to enable him to complete his mining course and secure his degree.

He hated the city; it was not in his nature to battle and grub with his fellows for a few paltry dollars, and the call of his father's blood was strong in his veins. Bob was the kind of fellow who likes to make a heap of his winnings, when he has any, and

stake it all on the turning of a card; if this metaphor may be employed to designate Bob McGraw's nature without creating the impression that he had inherited a penchant for the gambling table. It had been born in him to take a chance. And the gold fever, inherited from his father, still burned in his blood. He drifted to Nevada, where he did a number of things—including the assault on Mr. Hennage's bar bank, which, as we have already been informed, also resulted disastrously.

These adventures occupied the first two years of Bob McGraw's wanderings. For the next eighteen months he worked in various mines in various capacities, picking up, in actual experience, much of the mining wisdom which circumstances had denied that he should acquire in college. His Nevada experiences had given him a taste of the desert and he liked it. There was a broad strain of poetry in his make-up, inherited perhaps from his mother, and the desert appealed to that mystical sixth sense in him, arousing his imagination, taunting him with a desire that was almost pre-natal to investigate the formation on the other side of the sky-line. It pandered to the spirit of adventure in him, the purple distances lured him with promise of rich reward, and the day he made the remarkable discovery that he had saved enough money to purchase two burros, an automatic pistol, a box of dynamite and the usual prospector's outfit, he took the trail through Windy Gap and Hell's Bend into Death Valley.

Here Bob McGraw learned the true inwardness of a poem which he had once recited as a boy at school. "Afar In the Desert I Love to Ride." Only Bob walked. And after walking several hundred miles he found nothing. But he had seen lots of country, and the silence pleased him. Also he had met and talked with other desert wanderers, with whom he had shared his water and his grub, and in return they infected him still further with the microbe of unrest. He heard tales of lost mines, of marvelous strikes, of fortunes made in a day, and that imaginative streak in him, inherited from his mother, fused with the wanderlust of his father, combined to make him a Desert Rat at twenty-three.

He came out of the desert, on that first trip, at Coso Springs, and doubled north along the western edge of the White mountains up through Inyo county picking, prospecting, staving, thirsting cheerfully as he went. At the town of Bishop, his stomach warned him that it would be a wise move to sell his outfit and seek a job, which he accordingly did. He found employment with a cattle company and went up to Long valley in Mono county. Here he was almost happy. Life on a cow range suited him very well indeed, for it took him away from civilization and carried him through a mineral country. He rode with a prospector's pick on his saddle, and in addition the scenery just suited him. There was just enough of desert and bare volcanic hills, valley and meadow and snow-capped peaks to please the dreamer and lover of nature; there was always the chance that a "cow," scrambling down a hillside, would unearth for him a fortune.

Thus a few more years had slipped

by. In the summer and fall Bob McGraw rode range. In the winter he quit his job, invested his savings in two burros and a prospector's outfit and roved until summer came again, and the heat drove him back to the range once more. He was very happy, for the future was always rose-tinted and he had definitely located two lost mines. That is to say, he could say almost for a certainty that they lay within five miles of certain points. Somehow, his water had a habit of always giving out just when he got to those certain points, and when he had gone back after more water something had happened—a new strike here, a reported rush elsewhere, to lure him on until he was once more forced to abandon the trail and return to work for his grubstake in the fall.

This was the man who had ridden into San Pasqual and got as far as the Hat Ranch; when as usual, something had happened.

He told Donna his story simply, with boyish frankness, interlarding the narrative with humorous little anecdotes that robbed the tale of the stigma of failure and clothed it in the charm of achievement. She laughed in perfect understanding when he described how some desert wag had placed a sign beside the trail at Hell's Bend at the entrance to Death Valley. "Who enters here leaves hope behind."

"I saw that sign when I came by, Donna," he told her, "and I didn't like it. It sounded to blamed pessimistic for me, so when I broke camp next morning I changed the sign to read 'Soap' instead of 'Hope.'"

Donna's laughter awoke the echoes in the silent patio, and Bob McGraw, certain of his audience, rambled on. Ah, what a dreamer, what a lovable, careless, lazy optimist he was! And how Donna's whole nature went out in sympathy with his! She knew so well what drove him on; she envied him the prerogative of sex which denied to her these joyous, endless wanderings.

"I love it," he told her presently. "I can't help it. It appeals to something in me just like drink appeals to a drunkard. I'm never so happy as when gofering around in a barren prospect hole or coyoning on some rocky hillside. But it's only another form of the gambling fever, and I realize that whether my present plans mature or not I've got to give it up. It was all right a few years ago, but now the idea of wandering all my life over the mountains and desert, and

in the end dying under a bush, like a jack-rabbit—no, I've got to give it up and follow something definite."

Again she patted his hand. She knew the resolution cost him a pang; it pleased her to learn that he had made it because he realized that he owed something to himself; not because of the fact of his love for her.

"It won't take you long, once you have made up your mind," she encouraged him.

"I don't want to be rich," he explained. "When I started out, Donna, I had that idea. I wanted money—in great big gobs, so I could throw it around with both hands and enjoy myself. I used to think a good deal about myself in those days, but five years in the desert and riding the range changes one. It takes the little, selfish foolish notions out of one's head and substitutes something bigger and nobler and—and—well, I can't exactly explain, dear, but I know a little verse that covers the subject very thoroughly:

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees;
The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born.

Out in the fields with God,
The hint of the desert sadness died
out in the girl's eyes as he declaimed his gospel.

"Oh," she cried softly, "that's beautiful—beautiful."

"That's the Litany of a Pagan, Donna," he answered. "One has to believe to understand when he goes to church in a city, but if you're a Pagan like me, you only have to understand in order to believe."

"I am," she interrupted passionately. "I'm a Pagan and the daughter of a Pagan. My father was a Sun Worshiper—like you."

"Tell me about yourself and your people," he said, and Donna told him the story with which the reader is already familiar. He questioned her carefully about Sam Singer and the man who had murdered her father and despoiled him of his fortune.

"Who was this tenderfoot person?" he asked. "Didn't Sam Singer know his name?"

"No. We never knew the man's name. When my father left for the desert he merely told mother that he was going to meet an Eastern capitalist at Salton. Sam says the only name my father called the man was Boston."

"Boston?"

Donna nodded.

"That means he hailed from Boston, and your father called him that in sheer contempt. No wonder they fought."

He was silent, thinking over that strange tale of a lost mine which Sam Singer had told Donna's mother.

"Well, I'm not going to keep on desert rattling until somebody cracks me on the head and stows me on the shelf," he said presently.

He waved his arm toward the north. "Away up there, a hundred and fifty miles, I've cast my fortune—in the desert of Owens river valley. I've cut out for myself a job that will last me all my life, win or lose. I'll fight the

fight to a finish. I'm going to make thirty-two thousand acres of barren waste bloom and furnish clean, unsullied wealth for a few thousand poor, crushed devils that have been slaughtered and maimed under the Juggernaut of our Christian civilization. I'm going to plant them on ten-acre farms up there under the shadow of old Mt. Kearsarge, and convert them into Pagans. I'm going to create an Eden out of an abandoned Hell. I'm going to lay out a townsite and men will build me a town, so I can light it with my own electricity. It's a big Utopian dream, Donna dear, but what crowning glory to the dreamer's life if it only comes true! Just think, Donna. A few thousand of the poor and lowly and hopeless brought out of the cities and given land and a chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; to know that their toil will bring them some return, that they can have a home and a hope for the future. That's what I want to do, and when that job is accomplished I will have lived my life and enjoyed it; when I pass away, I want them to bury me in Donnaway—that's to be the name of my colony—and for an epitaph I'd like Robert Stevenson's "Requiem."

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you gave for me:
Here I lie where he belonged
to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

He paused, a little flushed and exalted. Never before had Bob McGraw unburdened his heart of its innermost secrets, its hopes, its fears, its aspirations; for a moment now he almost quivered at the thought that Donna would look upon him as a dreamer, an idealist—perhaps a fool—he, a penniless desert wanderer assuming to hold in his sunburnt palm the destinies of the under dogs of civilization—the crippled too weak and hopeless to be anything more than wretched camp-followers in the Army of Labor.

He glanced down at her now, half expecting, dreading to meet, the look of gentle indulgence so common to the Unbeliever. But there was no patronizing smile, no tolerant note in her voice as she asked simply:

"And this great, beautiful Utopia of yours, Bob—what did you call it?"

"It doesn't exist yet," he explained hastily, "but it—may. And when it does become a reality, I'm going to call it Donnaway."

"Why?"

"Because it sounds so much better than Bobville or Robertstown, and because it will be beautiful. It will be the green fields of God after centuries upon centuries of purgatory; because it will be the land I've been telling you about, where we will find all the things you and I are hungry for; where we will own a big farm, you and I, with great fields of alfalfa with purple blossoms; and there'll be long rows of apple and pear trees and corn and—don't you understand, dear? It will be the most beautiful thing in the desert. And yet," he added a little sadly, "I may be beaten into the earth and all my life Donnaway will remain nothing but a dream, desire, and so I—I—"

"Nobody can despoil you of your dreams," she interrupted, "and hence you'll never be beaten. Bob. The dreamers do the world's work. But tell me. How do you propose to establish Donnaway? Tell me all about it, dear. I want to—help."

He gave her a grateful glance. "I guess I must be wound up tonight," he began, "but it is good to talk it over after hugging it to yourself so many years, and suffering and striving as I have suffered and striven since I came into this country."

"When I pulled out of Death Valley on my first trip I came into Inyo from the south and worked up along the base of the White mountains as far as Bishop. The Owens river valley runs north and south, with the White mountains flanking it on the east and the high Sierra on the west. It is from ten to fifteen miles wide, that valley, with the Owens river running down the eastern side most of the way until it empties into Owens lake just above Keeler. The lake is salty, bitter, filled with alkali, borax and soda, and for nearly forty miles above its mouth the river itself is pretty brackish and alkaline. Away up the valley the river water is sweet but as it approaches the lake it gathers alkali and borax from the formation through which it flows. This renders it unfit for irrigating purposes and at first glance the lower end of the valley seemed doomed to remain undeveloped unless somebody led pure water from above down the valley in a big cement-lined canal and the cost of such a canal would thus render the project prohibitive, unless the water company which might tackle the job also owned the land."

"The valley is pure desert, although there are a great many brilliant green streaks in it, where streams of melted snow water flow down from the mountains and either disappear in the sands or just manage to reach the river or the lake. The valley looks harsh and desolate, but once you climb the mountains and look down into it, it's beautiful. I know it looked beautiful to me and I wished that I might have a farm there and settle down. For the next few years, every time I drifted up or down that valley I used to dream about my farm, and finally I picked out a bully stretch of desert below Independence, and made up my mind to file a desert claim of three hundred and twenty acres, provided I could see my way clear to a water-right that would insure sufficient water for irrigation."

"There wasn't any alkali in the land that I imagined would be my farm some day—when I found the water,

or alkali I didn't want the river water at this point, on account of the alkali in it, and from the formation I judged that I wouldn't have much success putting in artesian wells. Besides, I didn't care to be a lone rancher out in that desert. I've always been a sociable chap, when I could meet the right kind of people, and unless I could have neighbors on that desert I didn't want any farm."

"I scouted for the water all one summer, but didn't find any. However, just at a time when I was getting ready to come out of the mountains and hustle for next year's grubstake, I found a 'freeze-out' in the granite up on the slope of old Kearsarge, and it netted me nineteen hundred dollars."

"That water question always bothered me. I knew the land was rich—a pure marble, with lots of volcanic ash mixed with it, and that it would grow anything—with water. You ought to see that land, Donna. Why, the sage grows six feet tall in spots, and any desert land that will grow big sage will produce more fortunes than most gold mines—if you can only get the water. There the land lay, thousands of acres of it, but good water wasn't available, so the land was worthless."

"However, Donna, I had wandered around in the desert long enough to observe that wherever Nature appears to have created a paradox, there's always a reason. If Nature makes a mistake here, she places a compensating offset over there. Here was a valley that with irrigation could be made marvelously fertile at this point, only the river had to go brackish and alkaline just where it was needed most. I couldn't develop an irrigation system from any of the little streams that flowed down the Sierra, because there wasn't enough water, and there was no place to impound it, even if there had been sufficient water."

"While I was pondering this peculiar situation, a very strange thing occurred. The lower portion of the valley, including the stretch of desert on which I had my eye, was suddenly withdrawn from entry and thrown into a Forest Reserve by the Department of the Interior. It was a queer proceeding—that including a desert timbered with sage-brush and greasewood in a Forest Reserve! Withdrawing from entry lands that would not even remotely interest settlers!"

"I thought this over a great deal, and by and by I began to see the light. I had suspected from observation and personal experience that there was a powerful private influence at work in the state land office, and by reason of their seeming control of the office were engaged in looting the state of its school lands which were timbered. In the congressional investigation into certain frauds in California, it was discovered that the men accused of the frauds had been aided by corrupt minor officials in the General Land Office—clerks and chiefs of certain bureaus, whom the land-grabbers kept on their private pay-rolls. This was a matter of public record. Fortunately for the government, however, it has generally managed to secure for the head of the Land Department able and incorruptible men to whom no taint of suspicion attached—men whom the land-grabbers dare not attempt to corrupt."

"At the outset, I strongly suspected that the corrupt influence, which presumably had been exposed and punished in former investigations, was nevertheless still at work. The suspicion that grossly erroneous reports, intentionally furnished the General Land Office by officials of the Forestry Department in California, was responsible for the inclusion of the desert in the Forest Reserve, strengthened into belief the more I thought it over. I thought I could detect in this hoodwinking of the Department of the Interior, through the agency of some local official, who had been 'reached' by the land ring, the first move in a well-planned raid on the public domain, through the state land office."

"I quietly investigated the surveyor-general of the state, who is also ex-officio Registrar of the State Land Office. I discovered that he was a man of unimpeachable public and private life. I discovered that he was in ill health, and had been during the greater portion of his tenure in office; that he rarely spent more than two hours each day in his office; that frequently he was away from his office for a month at a time, ill, and that the office practically was dominated by his deputy. The surveyor-general was a quiet, easy-going man, advanced in years and inclined to take things easy, and the upshot of my investigations confirmed me in the belief that he was taking things easy—too easy—and that his wide-awake deputy was doing business with the land ring, by virtue of his unhampered control of the office and the implicit confidence reposed in him by the surveyor-general."

"There could be but two reasons for this ridiculous action by the Department of the Interior in thus including a desert in a Forest Reserve. Either an error had been made by the local forestry officials in defining the boundaries of the reserve and thus reporting to the General Land Office, or the job was intentional. If the former, the error would be discovered and the boundaries rectified."

"Well, a year passed and the boundaries were not rectified, despite the fact that I wrote half a dozen complaining letters to the General Land Office. The answer was easy. The land-grabbers had subsidized somebody and my letters never got to headquarters. So I knew a big job was about to be pulled off. I guessed that the land-grabbers had solved the water problem further up the valley and were scheming to get control of the lower valley and lead the water to it, and while developing their water supply they wanted the land denied to the public. There was always the chance that some smart nester would come, file on a half-section and start boring artesian wells. If he struck water, the news would travel—and

other settlers would come in and take a chance, and before long there might be a hundred settlers in there. There would be no reason to fear they would stay forever, unless they got a big artesian flow on every forty acres, and knew they could get water in sufficient quantity. But they would have found water and it would have taken say three years for them to discover that their claims could not support them. Nesters are a dogged breed of human. It takes a nester a long time to wake up to the fact that he's licked, and until they woke up, the nesters would be liable to block the water wheels of a private reclamation scheme."

"Then, too, if it should become bruited abroad, while the valley was open for entry, that water for irrigation was being developed up the valley, settlers could have flocked in down the valley—and waited for the water. A nester is patient. His life is spent in waiting. Under the desert land laws one can file on three hundred and twenty acres, or a half-section, pay twenty-five cents per acre down and then wait four years before being compelled to file with the land office the proof of reclamation that will entitle him to final patent to his land. The land ring, of course, knew this, and by their corrupt influence

had so maneuvered to hoodwink the General Land Office that the valley had been withdrawn from entry. When they had protected themselves from prospective settlers, it would be safe for them to develop their water away up the valley. When they were ready, it would be easy enough to suddenly discover that a desert valley had, by some stupid error, been included in a Forest Reserve, the boundaries would be readjusted immediately, the valley once more thrown open for entry and—dummy

entrymen, Johnny-on-the-spot, to file on the land for the water company! Within the statutory limit of four years the water company would have had time to extend its canals and laterals, the dummy entrymen would have been able to show proof of reclamation and secure their patents, and after waiting a year, perhaps to preserve appearances, they would, for a consideration, gradually transfer their holdings to the water company. Within five years, the water company would have owned the entire valley, would have reorganized, called themselves a land and irrigation company and gone into the real estate business, selling five to twenty acre farms, with a perpetual water right, at prices ranging from three to five hundred dollars per acre."

"I didn't of course, know who was behind the game, but I knew the rules by which it would be played. I'm more or less of a mining engineer, Donna, and it's part of a mining engineer's business to know the laws relating to the public domain. I could see that unless I developed water first and filed on the land first, I would never get my farm in the valley without paying dearly to the thieves who had stolen from me my constitutional right to it."

"Hence, for the past two summers, Donna, I've been up in the Sierra looking for water. It seemed to me that with so many mountain lakes up there below the snow-line, I must find one that I could tap and bring the water down into my valley. If Nature made a mistake in the valley, she would compensate for it up in the mountains, and I had an abiding faith that if I searched long enough I'd find the water."

"I circled around mountain lakes where in all probability no human foot but mine had ever trod. I crawled along the brink of a chasm three thousand feet deep, and crossed a glacier crevice on a rawhide riata. I camped three nights on a peak with so much iron ore in it that when an electrical storm came up it attracted the lightning and strink around me for hours. I crawled and crept and climbed; I fell; I was cut and bruised and hungry and cold; but all the time I was up there in the mountains I could look on the valley—my valley—and it was beautiful and I didn't mind."

"A big thought that had been in the back of my brain for a long time came to me with renewed force while I was up there in those Inyo Alps—the thought that if I could find the water it would be riches enough for me. But I wanted the land, too—not merely a half-section for myself, but the whole valley—only I didn't want it for myself. It would only be mine in trust, a sacred heritage that belonged to the lowly of the earth, and I wanted to save it for them. I could see them all at that moment, the roustabouts, the laborers and muckers, the unskilled toilers of the world. It was the hewers of wood and the drawers of water that I wanted that valley to boom for; the poor, poor devils whose only hope is the land that gave them birth and life and would receive them in its bosom when they perished. Ten acres of that lonely thirsty land, waiting there for me to reclaim it from the ruin of ages—ten acres of my desert valley and some water and an equal chance—that's what I wanted for each of my fellow-Pagans, and I made up my mind to get it for them from the robber-baron that planned to steal it."

"It comforted me a whole lot, that thought. It gave zest to the battle, and made the prize seem worth fighting for. And I guess the God of a Square Deal was with me that day, for I found the water. I discovered a lake a mile wide and nearly five miles long, fed by countless streams from the melting snow on the peaks above. I walked around it, but I couldn't find any outlet, and yet the lake never seemed to have risen higher than a certain point. This puzzled me until I discovered a sandstone ledge half-way around its eastern edge, and through a gigantic crevice in this sandstone the water escaped. When the lake rose to the edge of this crevice, during the summer when the snow was melting up on the face of

old Mount Kearsarge, the surplus

nowed into some subterranean outlet, probably emerging at the head of some canyon miles away on the other side of the range. This lake was hemmed in by hills, and between two of these hills a canyon dropped away sheer to the desert two thousand feet below. I made careful estimates and discovered that by shooting a tunnel three hundred feet through the country rock at the head of this canyon I would come out on the other side of the place where the two hills met, and pierce the lake below this sandstone crevice. I could drain the lake until the surface of the water gradually came down to the intake, when I could put in a concrete pier with an iron head-gate and regulate the flow. Even in winter when the lake was frozen over I would have a steady flow of water, for my tunnel would tap the lake below the ice."

"Having found the water, my next move was to go down into the valley, into the great, hot, panting hungry heart of Inyo to protect the land for my Pagans. At the land office in Independence I registered my filing and turned to leave, just as a clerk came out and tacked a notice on the bulletin board. I read it. It was the customary notice to settlers that the lower valley had been withdrawn from the Forest Reserve and would be thrown open to entry at the expiration of sixty days from date."

"I went to the feed corral, where I had kept Friar Tuck all summer, while I was up in the mountains. I paid my livery bill, threw the saddle on Friar Tuck and headed south, for I knew that if I was to turn robber baron and

steal the valley for my Pagans I'd have to hustle. I got to San Pasqual one night three weeks ago—and here I am."

Donna was silent. For perhaps a minute she gazed into his tense, eager face.

"What will it cost to drive that tunnel?" she queried finally.

"With me superintending the job and swiftness a pick and drill myself, I estimate the cost at five thousand dollars."

"And how long does your right hold good before commencing operations?"

"The law allows me a year."

"And you have five weeks left in which to plan your campaign to acquire the land?"

"Five weeks. And I'm about to attempt an illegal procedure, only I'm going to do it legally. I want to tie up fifty sections on that valley—aggregating 32,000 acres. I have money enough in bank at Bakersfield after paying my expenses here, to accomplish that. If I can tie that land up, my water-right is worth millions. If the other fellows get the land, they will buy my water-right at their own figures, or starve me out and acquire the right when I am forced to abandon it by reason of my inability to develop it; or failing that they will proceed on their original plan and lead their own water down the valley in canals. Without the water the land is worthless, and without the land my water-right is practically worthless—to me. To control that 32,000 acres of desert I will have to put up the purchase price of \$40,000 for the men I induce to file on the land, and after paying the filing fee of \$5 and the initial payment of \$20 on each of the fifty applications for the land, I'll be in luck if I'm not left stranded at the State Land Office."

"But can you accomplish this in opposition to the land ring, if you secure all the money you will require?"

"No," he answered. "The plan I have outlined is a mere contingency. In order to carry it out, I must get my filings into the land office before theirs—and they control the land office."

"Then, how can you hope to succeed?"

Bob smiled. "Hope doesn't cost anything, Donna. It's about the only thing I know of that can't be monopolized. A man can hope till he's licked, at least, and despite the fact that I have neither money nor corrupt influence, I have a long chance to win. I have one grand asset, at least."

"What may that be?" queried Donna.

"All anybody ever needs—a bright idea."

(Continued in tomorrow's issue.)



Those Epileptic
Attacks by Using
**Dr. Miles
Nervine**

A Nerve Sedative that has
been successfully used in
the treatment of Epilepsy,
Hysteria, and other Nervous
Disorders for the past
thirty years.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Telegraph Want Ads

FOR 25 WORDS OR MORE

1c a Word for 2 Times
3c a Word a Week 6 Times
5c a Word Two Weeks 12 Times
9c a Word a Month 26 Times

Rates for Locals (a line a day) 5 cents
Card of Thanks 50 cents
Reading Notices, per line 10 and 20 cents
(according to position)

WANTED

WANTED. We pay highest market price for rags, rubber, iron, hides, wool and paper stock. Also junk and second hand automobiles. Will call for your orders promptly. Your business greatly appreciated. Always call Phone 81. J. Snow, Dixon, Ill. 48tf

WANTED. Maid. Apply at hospital. 138tf

WANTED. Competent girl for general house work. One who can stay at her own home nights. Call Home phone X837. 87tf

WANTED. All kinds of junk, wool, hides, etc. Full market price paid. Doing business with me means more money for you. Telephone 85. S. W. Rubenstein, Junk Yards at 315 Highland Ave. 95tf

JOB PRINTING and will give you an estimate at any time on any job. Call phone No. 5.

WANTED. Cash for old false teeth. Don't matter if broken. I pay \$2 to \$15 per set, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to L. Maser, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa. 123 25*

WANTED. Cook at Central Restaurant; good wages. Wm. Fowler, Amboy, Ill. 125tf

WANTED. Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Address "O," this office. 149 3*

WANTED. Position as housekeeper in small family. Address "A B" in care this office. 150 2*

FREE! A NICE GIFT FOR YOUR "SOLDIER BOY" and our interesting advertising offer of a much needed necessity for everybody. **STANDARD MERCHANDISE CO.**, 180 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. 14816*

FOR SALE

FOR SALE. Must sacrifice large, double, two story house and lot 28, Highland Park Add. Dixon, Ill. Fine location. Cost over \$8,000.00. Make offer. C. W. Farr, Maquoket, Iowa. 132 24

SALE. The Bernard Carroll property located at 1616 W. First St., in Dixon, Illinois, will be sold at public auction on the premises July 9th, 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m. The lot is 75x150 feet, and there is a good frame house and first class barn on the premises. The property is sold to settle the estate.

For further particulars enquire of B. J. Wolfe, Executor, or Henry C. Warner, Attorney. 150 6

The particular housekeeper always requires white paper for the pantry shelves and bureau drawers. It is to be found in any quantity at 1 cent a sheet at the B. F. Shaw Ptg. Co. tf

Housewives will want white paper for the pantry shelves and bureau drawers. It can be purchased at the Evening Telegraph office for 1 cent a sheet.

FOR SALE. 200 choice farms, all sizes, good buildings, near markets, schools. Small payments. Send for my list. Otto Fetting, Port Huron, Mich. 142 24*

FOR SALE. Buick Tour Roadster, good as new. Enquire of E. T. Kahler, Phone 845. 142 tf

FOR SALE. 1915 Ford cylinder block in good condition. \$5 takes it. Address H, this office. 151 2

FOR SALE. Wrought iron fence, ornamental gate and posts; 92 feet long. Present cost would be \$150. Price \$40. Can be seen at Hoefer's coal yard. S. N. Watson. 151 2*

FOR SALE. Base burner stove. Enquire at 414 Boardman Place, or Phone Y272. 147tf

FOR SALE. Turnips fresh from garden. Call R-1160. 145tf

FOR SALE. Good 2nd hand pulleys, hangers, shafting, pipes, flues, bolts and numbers of other usable stock. Can be seen at Dixon Iron & Metal Co., 625 W. 2nd St., few blocks west of P. O., Dixon, Ill. 146tf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT. One-half of double cottage at Assembly Park. Modern and convenient, in beautiful part of the park. Apply W. C. Durkes, City National Bank. tf dh

FOR RENT. July 1, an apartment apartment over Ware's store. For further particulars enquire of Mrs. H. U. Bardwell, Phone 303. 141tf

STANDING OF BIG LEAGUES

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	47	19	.713
New York	43	23	.652
Philadelphia	32	32	.500
Pittsburgh	32	34	.485
Boston	31	37	.456
Brooklyn	28	37	.431
Cincinnati	25	38	.397
St. Louis	25	43	.368

Yesterday's Results.

Chicago 1-1, St. Louis 0-0.
Brooklyn 2-7, New York 0-3.
Philadelphia 2-3, Boston 1-2.
Pittsburgh 1-8, Cincinnati 0-4.

Games Today.

Chicago at St. Louis.
New York at Pittsburgh.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Cleveland	43	32	.573
New York	38	29	.567
Boston	40	31	.563
Washington	39	34	.534
Chicago	34	35	.496
St. Louis	34	38	.472
Detroit	25	49	.338
Philadelphia	25	42	.373

Yesterday's Results.

Chicago 7-3, Detroit 6-1.
Boston 11-1, Philadelphia 9-2.
Cleveland 4-9, St. Louis 2-8.
New York 7-3, Washington 0-4.

Games Today.

New York at Washington.
Boston at Philadelphia.

Baby Seals Protected by Nature.

When seals are born they are snow white, which makes them invisible on the ice on which they are born. Their eyes and noses are, however, black, and when the little ones are suddenly alarmed they close their eyes, bury their noses and lie quite still. It is only when they grow and begin to seek their own food that they become dark and sleek.

NO REST—NO PEACE.

There's no peace and little rest for the one who suffers from a bad back, Dixon people recommend Doan's Kid and distressing urinary disorders. ney Pills. Be guided by their experience.

G. Sieling, 1206 W. Sixth St., Dixon, says: "I have been a stone mason for several years and it has been pretty hard on my back at times. I blame the heavy lifting for my kidney trouble. One day while lifting a stone I was suddenly seized with a sharp, shooting pain across my back. I kept going from bad to worse and was laid up for a month, unable to work. My kidneys were in terrible shape and I had to get up at night to pass the kidney secretions and they contained brickdust-like sediment. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me. I have no need of a kidney medicine now, as Doan's have made a permanent cure."

60c at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

OLD MAN HARRIS

Editor of the Oil and Mineral Journal of Billings, Mont., will give you straight "tips" about oil and mining companies free, and send you sample copy of his 16-page illustrated paper for the asking. Scores of his subscribers have made \$400 on a \$100 investment and upwards, by following his advice. Don't buy in any company until you write him about it—he knows who is reliable and those who are not. Write Dun's or Bradstreet's agencies in Billings as to what they think of Old Man Harris and his reliable information to investors.

FOR SALE

An ideal home farm located 3 1/2 miles from Dixon on good hard road, consisting of 150 acres of good black farm land and the best blue grass pasture in Lee county. The buildings consist of an extra good 8-room house with furnace and acetylene lights; extra large barn, 40x80, room for 70 tons of hay in mow; stables for 30 cows; room for 10 head horses; double corn crib; buggy shed. All kinds of fruit that is raised in Illinois.

Someone who wants a good home-like place and a good farm, this is it. Apply to George Fruin.

GEO. FRUIN
Agent
Dixon Ill.

Cracks in Ceiling.
Whiting, mixed with glue water or calcined plaster and water, makes a good putty for filling cracks in plastered ceilings.

Origin of the Word "Lady."
Why we call a woman a lady is known, probably, to few women. It came from a practice that obtained in the manor houses of England where, once a week, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, loaves of bread. She came to be called "Laef day," the Saxon words for bread giver. These two words became one: "Lady."

Well Healed.
The shipwrecked sailor sat disconsolate on a lonely raft in the middle of the trackless ocean. In his hands he held the last remnants of a pair of shoes. "Though reduced to the lowest extremities and completely surrounded by water," he croaked hoarsely, "I can still take to my heels." With these words he made his semibreve meal and spent the remainder of the afternoon picking the nails out of his teeth.

New Dieting Advice.
An anxious young theological student once asked Henry Ward Beecher what was the best and most successful method of preparing for a lecture or sermon. The reply shot back in one sentence, "Just fill yourself chock full of your subject and then let nature caper!" And the best general advice for hygienic dieting runs along similar lines; just spread a liberal table and then let your appetite caper.—Exchange.

Have you looked recently at the little yellow tag on your Telegraph to see if the date is correct. It will also serve as a reminder if your subscription is in arrears.

ARE ADVERTISED MEDICINES WORTHLESS?

There is no more reason to condemn all advertised medicines than there is to condemn all physicians or all druggists. Fakes there are in every profession and every trade, but they do not last long. Take a medicine like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the true test of its merit is the fact that for forty years it has been relieving women of America from the worst forms of female ailments, constantly growing in popularity and favor, until it is now recognized from ocean to ocean as the standard remedy for female ills.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Luella Campbell, Deceased.
The undersigned, having been appointed administrator of the estate of Luella Campbell, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the county court of Lee county, at the court house in Dixon, at the September term, on the first Monday in September next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 26th day of June, A. D. 1918.
W. L. CAMPBELL,
Administrator.

DIXON & DIXON,
Attorneys. 27 5 11

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING LOST HIS WIFE THROUGH DEATH, WILL SELL

120 ACRE FARM

which he purchased for a home. The farm is known as the Platt farm, 2 miles north and one mile east of Pawpaw. The sale will take place on the premises on

Tuesday, July 16, 1918

AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

This is a good piece of land, is well located and fairly well improved. This farm has about ten acres of oak grove around and near the buildings.

TERMS OF SALE:

Ten per cent of purchase price on day of sale in good bankable notes without interest until March 1st, 1919; balance to be paid as follows: \$14,500 can remain on the farm in the first mortgage; remainder to be paid in cash, March 1st, 1919, when deed and possession will be given, or purchaser may pay cash, March 1st, 1919.

H. E. MELOY

AUGUST KOLANCIK, Agent, Mendota, Illinois.
R. R. McCOLL, Auctioneer, Princeton, Illinois.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE

To make a division of the property the undersigned have decided to sell at public auction the

266 ACRE FARM

known as the Atherton Farm, 4 1-2 miles northeast of Paw Paw 4 miles west of Shabbona Grove and 4 miles south of Lee, Illinois; sale to be held at the premises on

Wednesday, July 10, 1918

Commencing at One O'clock

This land can be sold in three separate tracts or as a whole. The improvements consist of a 10-room house with stone foundation. House is in excellent repair. Barn and outbuildings are all good. Good orchard and plenty of fruit. This farm lays exceptionally well and is all first-class land.

TERMS OF SALE

10 per cent of purchase price on day of sale in good bankable notes without interest until March 1st, 1919; balance of purchase price payable March 1st, 1919, when deed will be given. Sixty per cent of purchase price can remain on this farm for five years. This farm will be sold subject to tenant's lease or arrangements can be made for possession March 1st, 1919.

JOSEPH ATHERTON

ELLA A. CHICHESTER

AUGUST KOLANCIK, Agent, Mendota, Illinois.
R. K. McCOLL, Auctioneer, Princeton, Illinois.

OFFICIAL FOOD PRICES FOR LEE COUNTY

	Cost of Dealer	Retailer's Profit
Flour	\$11.00 per bbl.	60c to 1.25
ugar, granulated	8.00 per cwt.	1 to 2c per lb.
Navy beans	1.50 per lb.	2 to 4c per lb.
Lima beans, per lb.	.14 1-2 to 15c	2 to 4c per lb.
Milk, evaporated	6.1 per case	1 to 3c per can
Milk, condensed	8.4 per case	1 to 4c per can
Pure lard, per lb.	.28	4 to 6c per lb.
Lard compounds, per lb.	.24c	4 to 6c per lb.
Bacon, per lb.	.3 1-4 to 41c	4 to 8c per lb.
Butterine, per lb.	.23 to 30 1-2c	4 to 8c per lb.
	.3 extra for slicing.	
Corn meal, per lb.	.4 1-2	3-4 to 1 1-2c per lb.
Prunes, per lb.	.1 to 15c	2 to 4c per lb.
Rice, per lb.	.8 to 1.6c	2 to 4c per lb.
Pink salmon, per doz.	2.0 to 2.15	2 to 5c per can
Red salmon, per doz.	2.6 to 3.80	2 to 5c per can
Creamery butter, per lb.	.5	2 to 7c per lb.
Cheese, brick or cream, per lb.	.2 to 30c	4 to 9c per lb.
Eggs, fresh		4 to 8c per doz.

MARKETS

Editor's Note.—Because the quotations furnished by the various markets of Dixon do not coincide, the Telegraph finds it impossible to quote all of the prices daily, and hereafter will quote only those prices which seem most advantageous to seller or purchaser.

Oats, white—73. Mixed 67
Corn 35 to 1.15

LOCAL PRODUCE QUOTATIONS.

	Cash	Pay	Sell	Carry
Creamery butter	.50			
Dairy butter	.38	.44	.42	
Lard	.26	.34	.32	
Strictly fresh				
Eggs	.32	.38	.35	
Potatoes	1.25 to 1.60			
Flour	3.40, 3.25, 3.00			

LIVE POULTRY.

Hens	20
Cocks	10
Young roosters	14c
Ducks, White Pekin	15c
India Runner Ducks	8c
Muscovy Ducks	8c
Geese	8c
Turkeys	16

CLUB OFFER

Unless you pay for your TELEGRAPH one year in advance you cannot take advantage of club rates with the Chicago Tribune or Herald-Examiner.

5% FARM LOANS 5%

Long Time—Optional Payments. Write

A. G. HARRIS Dixon, Ill.

JOSEPH W. STAPLES

Mortician and Funeral Director
LADY ASSISTANT
Phone: Res. K1181. Office 676
611 First St. Dixon, Ill.

Dr. F. B. JONES

VETERINARIAN
OFFICE AT OGDEN'S FARM BARN
PHONE-295
Residence at Dixon Inn

VACATION TRIPS

ON THE RIVER
6 DAY RIVER CRUISE 6
To Minneapolis and Return
—ON THE—
STEAMER HELEN BLAIR
W. A. Blair, Master
Commencing Saturday, June 22
Leaves Davenport, Iowa every Saturday, 800 Miles of Interesting Travel
urday, at 2:30 p. m.
24 Hours in Minneapolis
For information and folder write to Northern Steamboat Co., Agents, Davenport, Iowa.

TIME TABLE

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RY.
Correct time of all passenger trains leaving Dixon. *Daily except where otherwise specified:

(Effective Sunday, June 2.)

	East Bound	Ar Chicago
No. 6	3:28 a. m.	6:45 a. m.
5	3:28 a. m.	6:45 a. m.
24	6:40 a. m.	9:15 a. m.
28	7:23 a. m.	10:40 a. m.
18	11:02 a. m.	2:25 p. m.
20	1:19 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
4	4:11 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
12	7:34 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
100 (Sunday only)		
	4:15 p. m.	7:35 p. m.

West Bound

	Lv Chicago	Ar Dixon
No. 5	6:50 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
19	10:30 a. m.	1:11 p. m.
17	12:15 p. m.	3:39 p. m.
25	6:40 p. m.	9:37 p. m.
27	3:45 p. m.	7:03 p. m.
11	5:00 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
*3	7:10 p. m.	9:50 p. m.
*1	11:20 p. m.	2:16 a. m.

*No 1 stops at Dixon on flag, no extra fare.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RY.

Correct time of all trains leaving Dixon that carry passengers and freight. *Daily, *Daily except Sunday.

South Bound

119 7:22 a. m.
31 Clinton Express* 5:15 p. m.

North Bound

132 Ft. Dodge Express* 9:53 a. m.
20 Mail 6:21 p. m.
Freeport Freight* 12:30 p. m.

INTERURBAN SCHEDULE

In Effect Saturday, May 25, 1918

West Bound	East Bound
Leave Dixon.	Leave Sterling.
*5:40 a. m.	*6:30 a. m.
7:20 a. m.	8:15 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	10:05 a. m.
10:50 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
12:30 p. m.	1:35 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	3:05 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:55 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
8:00 p. m.	9:25 p. m.
10:30 p. m.	11:20 p. m.

*Except Sunday.

t-Colony Car will meet 7:17 I. C. Train and connect at Galena and Fellows street.

TIME THE MAILS CLOSE

The following table shows the time of closing all mail forwarded from Dixon post office. Mail should be in the post office ten minutes preceding the locking or closing time to insure its dispatch.

	East Mail
No. 6	2:45 a. m.
No. 28	6:55 a. m.
No. 4	3:50 p. m.
No. 12	7:10 p. m.
No. 18	10:40 a. m.

	West Mail
No. 5	9:55 a. m.
No. 19	12:50 p. m.
No. 27	6:40 p. m.
No. 9	8:50 p. m.
No. 15	2:45 a. m.

	South Mail
No. 119	6:55 a. m.
No. 131	4:50 p. m.

	North Mail
No. 132	9:30 a. m.
No. 120	5:50 p. m.

W. M. F. HOGAN, Postmaster.



WE OFFER YOU A HOME ON EASY TERMS

OUR MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN

will enable you to own your home.
Money borrowed from this Association is repaid in fixed monthly payments the same as rent. These payments are applied on your loan each month, and include interest.
You provide for these payments as you now provide for your rent, and in a few years your home is your own.
It is simply paying rent to yourself.
Think it over, then call and see us.

DIXON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION
Opera Block, Dixon, Ill.

GLASS FRUIT JARS
ALL SIZES
For Sale Cheap

THE 3rd WARD Exchange
Trautman & Manges, Props.
701 DEPOT AVE. PHONE 557

TACTFUL

Our tactful professional counsel has won the appreciation of every one who ever had any business dealings with us. We are fair to all.

Picture Framing.

WALTER L. PRESTON
Undertaking & Ambulance Service
PHONE OFFICE 78, RES. K828
123 EAST FIRST ST. Next to Chapel

S. W. LEHMAN, M. D.
Dixon, Ill.
SPECIAL OFFICE CONSULTANT
and
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

STRONG COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Second Floor Rosbrook Bldg.
instruction given in all branches of music by competent teachers. Rates reasonable. A special course for very young pupils

OTTO WITZLEB
PLUMBING AND HEATING
214 W. First St. Phone 692

CLOSING OUT HAT STOCK

At Todd's Hat Store—many bargains—all New Hats go in this sale.

See the New Spring sample for Suits made to measure—

—AT—

Todd's Hat Store
Opera House Block

NOTICE

I have purchased the Grocery Business of W. B. McCREA, Ashton, and would appreciate the trade of all old customers and would like to have all my friends come in and get prices.

J. J. THOME

COLUMBIA RECORDS
FOR JULY NOW ON SALE

W. J. SMITH

109 First Street Dixon, Ill.

SPECIAL FAMILY Theatre EXTRA
Tonight

ENTIRE CHANGE OF VAUDEVILLE

Maj. Ralphs
Novelty

Donald & Ronald
Harmony Singing

Edwards & Louise
Sing & Talk

Virginia Pearson

—IN—

A Daughter of France

A Battle of Love In The Front Line Trenches

Tomorrow Edith Story In "Treasure Of The Sea"

Sunday, Bessie Barriscale In "Blindfolded"

Monday, Clare Kimble Young In "Mazda"

Tuesday, Frank Keenan In "The Public Defender"

Coming--To HELL with The KAISER

Matinee Every Day but Sunday and Monday at 2:30,

The BARGAIN COUNTER

Merchants to Their Patrons

NOTICE

Become a member of the Investors Protective Association of America. For further information write them for literature. N. L. Amster, Pres., Equitable Bldg., Boston, Mass. tf

Ask for the Webb Chemical Company Poultry Remedies. Sold by Dixon druggists. tf

FARMERS.

OAT SHORTS FOR SALE. One of best feeds for cows and horses. Universal Oats Company. 164tf

LAND

Any one wishing to buy a farm in Dakota at a bargain should communicate with Wadsworth Land Co., Langdon, N. D.

SATURDAY—SPECIAL PRICES
New Milan Hats and Jumbo braid sailors. Miss Mulkins, Galena Ave. 1st door north of T. J. Miller's Music Store. 1

"Right Shall Triumph, Kaiser Bill." Greatest solo extant. Send two silver dimes. Horton Green, Sperry, Iowa. 144 24

NOTICE TO MOOSE

The Secretary, E. M. Hoover will be at the Club Room every evening from 8 to 9 o'clock until July 15, to collect dues. 15116

—White paper for pantry shelves and bureau drawers, 1c a sheet, at this office.

FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS

Every little thing helps win the war. Gather up all the old junk which is of no use to you and sell now; get our price before selling and be convinced that it pays to sell Iron, Rags, Rubber, Metal, Paper, Hides, Wood and Second Hand Machinery to the Dixon Iron & Metal Co., 625 W. 2nd St., few blocks west of P. O. Dixon, Ill. Junk Yards Open Till 8 P. M.

B. HASSELSOON, Prop.
Call Either Phone, 184 or K759.

Trees, When They Grow.

The true essence and as it were, spring-head of origin of all music is the very pleasant sound which the trees make when they grow.—Old English Tale.

America's Food Waste.

The American people waste more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of food each year.

The Secretary Bird.

The secretary bird gets its name from the tufts of feathers which grow on either side of its head and look exactly like a bunch of pens stuck behind a clerk's ear. This bird has long legs and large wings, with which it can ascend to a great height. It builds a strong nest in a tree, and lives in it year after year, subsisting on small animals and tiny snakes.

.. R. H. SCOTT ..
LAWYER

Warner Loftus Bldg. Phones:
Office, 131; Residence, K405;
209 W. Morgan Street.

DIXON SHOE SHINING PARLORS
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

H. D. Drake, Prop.

Corner First and Peoria

All the latest and modern machinery for Repairing

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

: THE EVENING STORY ;

The Reward

By Herbert Heron.

No one knew just how popular Cobbe was till Dick Walling shot him. It was Cobbe's fault, but Walling didn't wait to explain. Like others, he didn't know the degree of the deceased's popularity, but he had a fair idea, and left Monterey as fast as his horse could take him. The animal was the speediest in the county.

He stopped at Parli's on his way up the valley. Parli greeted him cordially. For half an hour they talked. The phone rang.

"That's for me. I told Cobbe I'd stop here," and with that, Walling took down the receiver.

"Hello! This is Mr. Parli's. Oh, yes, you want me. What? Well, I'm damned! Not a sign. I'll watch. Sure What? How much? Whew!" He ended in a long whistle, and hung up.

"I'll be sliding along now." He shook hands, mounted, and rode toward Monterey till Parli shut the door. Then he circled, and went on up the valley. A thousand dollars reward, dead or alive! He knew now how popular Cobbe was. They hadn't even waited till the sheriff had failed to get him.

There are few ranches above Parli's, and these have no telephones, so he rode by, unconcerned. Towards midnight he came to a place owned by a girl and her brother. He had loved the girl, but decided that she didn't care for him. The brother liked him, though, and he could get some food for his stay in the mountains till things quieted down and he could leave the country. The brother came to the door, pale and troubled. "He can't have heard—" The thought was dispelled by the sudden relief on the boy's face.

"Thank God, its you, Dick! Mary's dying, and—" Walling followed him into the room where the girl lay, high in fever. "I couldn't leave her alone, to get the doctor, but now you can go—" Something in Walling's manner stopped him. "I'll go, and you can stay with her. Are you on Fire-fly? I'll take him. It'll be quicker." Before Walling could think what to say, the boy was gone. He went to call him back. The girl moaned. What could he do? He couldn't refuse this duty fallen on him from the sky even if the girl were a stranger; and this was the woman he loved, . . . but she was dying.

"Dick! . . . Oh, Dick! . . . Dick! . . ." The voice from the bed startled him. He went softly over to see what she wanted. In her eyes there was no recognition; she had spoken in delirium. She loved him! But the rush of joy was swept away by the sight of her suffering. He bathed her face and hands. By and by the fever seemed less. She passed into a light sleep.

He made some coffee. While he drank it he had time to think of himself. When the doctor came from Monterey . . . The doctor would know, and . . .

"I must clear out when I hear them coming." Then another thought forced its way in: "Go now, while you've still a good lead. Go now!"

He went to the stable, saddled a horse and led him out. Then the face of the girl came over him. He left the horse tied to the gate, and went back. She was sleeping still, but brokenly. He couldn't go.

It was a two hours' ride to Parli's, where the boy could phone. . . . If the doctor left Monterey immediately, he'd get to the house about five. It was now nearly two.

The girl slept. Walling knew it was the critical time. If she woke better, she would probably recover. The thought was sweet to him. If she went again into delirium . . . He sat still, thinking. The hours passed very slowly.

Suddenly Walling heard a step outside. He had heard no horse coming. He looked out cautiously, and saw four men with rifles. Walling cocked his revolver, took down the boy's rifle from the wall and loaded it. He could account for some— and those who were left might depart. It would be a battle, anyway. There was no use being taken alive. Better be shot than hanged.

The leader made a signal. Walling raised his gun. And then—Mary stirred. Her battle, like his, was still undecided. If she slept on, and woke refreshed, she would get well. If not . . .

Walling laid down his rifle and stepped outside. The men covered him. As he was taken down the road to the waiting horses, the doctor and the girl's brother drove up.

"She's asleep," said Walling. The boy showed no surprise—he had heard the story from the doctor—but his voice was pitiful:

"Why didn't you? . . . I didn't know. . . . Oh, my God! . . . and you stayed . . . when you could have got away!" He turned to the men with a hopeless look. "It's my fault!" he cried. "He stayed with my sister. I thought she was dying. He didn't tell me he couldn't stay! He'd be safe in the mountains by now. . . . Oh, my God!"

The leader glanced at his companions. They were stern men, but they were moving uneasily. The situation was unbearable.

"How long have you been here?" "Since about midnight," answered Walling, though he couldn't see what difference it made. The leader took out his watch.

"Twelve minutes past five now. Say

we've been twelve minutes getting you, that leaves five hours. We'll stay here and rest our horses. At twelve minutes past ten we'll start again. That suit you, boys?"

"What do you mean?" asked Walling.

"I mean you still have your five hours' start; you haven't lost anything by staying with the sick girl."

Walling went back to the house. Mary was still sleeping. He touched her hand. It seemed cooler.

"Tell her I'll write—if I can."

"Good-bye," said the boy.

As he went out, Walling saw the men unsaddling their horses. He took of his hat to them as he rode away into the mountains.—From Life.

Sally Never Strayed.

A woman appeared at the office of the claim agent of a Western railroad. "Yo' steam cars is done kilt my mule Sally," she announced, in a decidedly tragic manner.

"Well, madam," replied the agent, "if it was the fault of the company you will be recompensed, you may be sure. What were the circumstances and what was the mule worth?"

"Sally was the best mule Ah ever seed," said the woman, as she wiped her wet eyes with her bonnet string. "Ah done plowed with that mule fer goin' on nine years, an' thar warn't nothin' the matter with her, 'ceptin' she was a little mite lame in her high hind laig an' kinder blind in one eye. Ah give \$40 an' three bed quilts an' two pecks of dried pears fer her, and she was as good as the day Ah got her."

"Where was the mule killed?" the agent asked.

"Hit war at the crossin' an' you' fast mail train jest knocked her plumb over thet fence an' inter a gully!" was the woman's reply.

"And the mule strayed upon the track, I presume?" queried the agent.

The woman gave him an indignant look.

"Oh, no!" she declared. "Sally never would 'a' been fool enough to walk in front of no train—my old man was ridin' her!"

He'd Teach Him.

John Stampa was certainly a man who stood on his dignity and when he was made postmaster for the village there was no holding him. As the landlord of the one hotel said he went right up in the air.

One morning Mike Howe, a newcomer, who had bought a small farm in the village, wandered into the post-office.

"Have yez any letters fer Mike Howe?"

The new official glared and went on reading the messages on other people's postcards.

"I want any letters for Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer.

The postmaster slipped somebody's newspaper out of its wrapper, and began reading it.

"Hi you! 'Is there any letters for Mike Howe?"

Then the representative of the Government came from behind the counter with a black ruler, and with three swift blows on the head stretched Mike Howe unconscious on the floor.

"I'll teach him," he muttered, as he returned to his newspaper—"I'll teach him to come here and try to pull my leg! Asking for letters for his cow!"

Aren't Men Awful!

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Bridge, "on your way downtown this morning will you stop at the grocer's and order two pounds of butter and a half-pound of tea and some crackers?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And would you mind leaving my skirt at the tailor's as you go by?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And then go to the milkman's and tell him to leave an extra pint of cream tomorrow?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And when you get to your office will you call up my sister in Winchester and tell her I'll be over Tuesday?"

"They don't charge you for calls there."

"Yes, my dear; and say, wife, would you mind sewing up this little rip in my coat before I start?"

"Good land, aren't you men terrible? You're always wanting something done."

Youthful Logic.

Who can tell the working of children's minds or how all unwittingly, we may make ourselves appear unjust in our dealings toward them?

This was brought home to Mr. Hewitt the other day as he took his young hopeful, aged 6, for a constitutional. The youngster was evidently thinking hard, for he was silent—which was unusual.

"Daddy," he said, looking up suddenly, "I think I want to get married!"

"Do you, my son? And who to, may I ask?" answered the proud parent, looking at him.

"I want to marry granny."

"Do you, indeed? And do you think I would let you marry my mother—eh?"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" retorted tender logician. "You married mine."

Seizing Opportunity.

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," quoted Willie's mother.

"That's right, ma," agreed Willie, cheerfully; "so I guess I'll finish up the other part of that cherry pie right away."

Chopping Him Off.

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